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ANY THING BUT A "PACIFIC MAIL."

Matron Columbia. "Children, you must stop putting those dangerous irons in the fire; somebody is sure to have his fingers burned."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

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THE FORCE BILL.

BEFORE this paper is issued we trust that the new Force Bill will have been opposed in the House by the Republican leaders who opposed it in the caucus, and that the Republican party will have been spared a responsibility under which it would have staggered. We shall, however, discuss the principle of a bill which we presume will have been defeated before these words are read, because it is a principle which can never be safely disregarded. The fourteenth section of the bill as reported in the caucus placed the personal liberty of every American citizen at the discretion of the President. It provided that

> "Whenever any such unlawful combinations [of two or more persons], as defined in the revised statutes and under this act, shall be organized or attempted, and so numerous and powerful as to be able, by violence, to set at defiance and overturn any State authorities, in all such cases such combinations shall be deemed a rebellion against the United States, and during the continuance of such rebellion within the limits which shall be prescribed by the proclamation of the President of the United States, it may be lawful for the President of the United States, in his discretion, to suspend the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus;* and it is provided also that all the provisions of the second section of the act of March 3, 1865, relating to *habeas corpus,* are hereby revived in full powers."

The President was made the sole judge of the existence of such combinations, of their lawfulness, of their purpose, and of their power, and he might at his pleasure annul every guarantee of liberty, and imprison without investigation or appeal.

Such a proposition should need only to be stated, for in an English-speaking community the statement is the argument. For hundreds of years the political effort of the English race has been to secure personal liberty, and its guarantees can not be too highly reverenced. The power conferred by the Force Bill is such as may be properly exercised in a state of open war, but not such as may be granted to prevent war, because that pin-hole would let in the whole sea. The dangerous power would be always sought and granted upon the plea of preventing war, just as LOUIS NAPOLEON justified his *coup d'état* and street massacres under the pretense of "saving society." We do not say, of course, that General GRANT would misuse such a power. But it is a power that no President should ask in a time of peace, and that no Congress should grant; and that the grant was deliberately recommended by a caucus of members of Congress, many of whom were doubtless sincere and patriotic men, shows how familiar the public mind has become with a military spirit, and how far it has drifted from a watchful jealousy of constitutional forms and civil guarantees. The Washington *Republican*, a paper of no importance except as a parasite of the President, hailed the adoption of the Force Bill by the caucus as a sign of "courage," and it was suggested in other quarters that the President would not misuse the power. But is it seriously supposed that Americans, whose boast is a government of laws and not of men, would regard as courageous a disposition to rest their personal liberty upon a confidence that the Chief Magistrate would not misuse the power of depriving them of it?

We are not, of course, unmindful of the situation in the Southern States, which is urged as the argument for such a bill. There is undoubtedly a virtual terrorism in many places. There is an angry and hateful feeling surviving the war. There are all the passions, ignorance, indolence, lawlessness, and barbarism which are the natural fruit of slavery, a system which, as the antislavery men always said, was as hurtful to the whites as to the blacks, to the master as to the slave. There is, as every trusty report alleges, and as all experience taught that there would be, an element of disorder and anarchy in those States of which the actual outrages and crimes give but a feeble idea. The White League is but an unmasked Ku-Klux. The "Conservatives," as they are ludicrously called, man the White League and plot revolution. The Arkansas report agrees with the statements from New Orleans that there is a body of young men, reckless desperadoes, ready for any mischief, who are supported by the *vis inertiæ* of the old "Conservative" hatred of "the North" and the Yankee. It is not, indeed, denied, on the other hand, that there are large communities of which this is not true, and many people who are sincerely desirous of tranquillity. But this sentiment is overborne by the White League influence, which controls politics and speaks and acts for the States.

In this situation, it is asked, is it not childish to suppose that the rights of the negroes guaranteed by the Constitution will be respected, or that the ordinary forms of law, to be administered by "Conservatives" and White Leagues, will be any thing more than a farce? There is one thing and one thing only, we are told, which this lawless and malignant spirit respects and fears, and that is the United States bayonet. We are assured that if Governor KELLOGG had not seized the sword on the 4th of January, with or without law, the Legislature of Louisiana would have been overpowered in its own hall by a White League conspiracy, and the streets of the city would have run with blood. We put the argument upon which the Force Bill is urged as strongly as it has been stated. And the reply is conclusive. If the Southern situation is as it is represented, if the law-defying hatred of the controlling class in those States is such as to authorize the passage of this bill, it is such as to justify the President in proclaiming a rebellion, and summoning troops as LINCOLN did in 1861. But if such is not the situation, if there are only the disorders and disturbances and hatreds and oppressions which were sure to follow a war that freed the slaves and destroyed the industrial and political system of the States concerned, there is no reason or justice in the bill, and it is a crime against civil liberty.

If there are unlawful combinations in any State so numerous and powerful that they have overturned, or are overturning, or threaten to overturn the authorities by violence which they can not control, then let those authorities, as the Constitution provides, apply for assistance, which should be and would be promptly rendered. But upon what conceivable ground can a people jealous of the safeguards of liberty authorize the Chief Magistrate to suspend the great writ of freedom at his pleasure, because "two or more persons" interfere in an "unlawful manner with the due execution of the laws of a State or of the United States?" The country can not be at peace and at war at the same time. If there is rebellion or domestic violence in Louisiana or in any other State, the Constitution points out how it is to be dealt with, and the country will sustain the suppression of the rebellion. But if there is not rebellion, there can be no reason for resorting to war measures, while a general grant of power to the President to proclaim a rebellion and to suspend the writ at his pleasure, at a time when his own personal and political ambition might strongly tempt him to the exercise of so extraordinary a power, would be one of the most fatal precedents in our history for the overthrow of constitutional freedom.

SHILLY-SHALLY.

THE Senate has practically refused to seat Mr. PINCHBACK, and as Mr. MORTON had pressed it upon the ground that it would be a final recognition of the KELLOGG government, the action of the Senate is a refusal to recognize Mr. KELLOGG as Governor of Louisiana. If he is not Governor, who is? If there is no Governor, there is no proper Executive, for the fraud which vitiates him vitiates his colleagues. There is, then, no lawful government in the State. But the United States are bound by the Constitution to guarantee a republican form of government to every State. They may, then, argue Mr. STOUGHTON and Mr. EDMUNDS, order an election in Louisiana. This is one of the methods proposed for settling the difficulty in that State. Another method is the compromise which is still pending as we write, and which could have no better negotiator than Mr. WHEELER, one of the ablest, most experienced, and purest men now in public life. But the time is short. The 4th of March is at hand, and it is very doubtful if any thing will be done by Congress.

If not, the situation will still be what it has been for two years, with this essential difference, that the action of the Senate in virtually rejecting PINCHBACK, after the prolonged and passionate partisan discussion of Louisiana affairs, is a distinct declaration that the Governor whom the President recognizes and sustains is not a lawful Governor. That is to say, the army is supporting a fraud in Louisiana, which is a very serious business. Of course neither the action of the Senate nor the reports of the committees imply or assert that M'ENERY was elected, or that he ought to be recognized. The CARPENTER committee were of opinion that the whole election was void for fraud. But should Congress, in the most cowardly manner, refuse to act, the President will be compelled to decide between the claimants, both of whom are branded as fraudulent by the Senate committee, and both of whom the Senate refuses to acknowledge. The President will, of course, sustain the Governor whom he has sustained, and the Republican party will pay the piper.

The Democrats and their allies insist that in any case the troops should be withdrawn. If they were, is there any doubt that the existing authorities would be overturned by domestic violence? And has the national government a moral right to do what in all human probability would produce a situation against which it is bound to protect the State? We ask the question to show the scope of the proposition that the State should be left alone. The "Conservative" policy for Louisiana is revolution—not endurance of a fraudulent election, such as New York endured in the return of HOFFMAN, and, if the White League party is really the majority, showing it at the polls at the next election, but a violent overthrow of the existing authorities by the White League, as in September, knowing, as we all know, that an armed and organized and unscrupulous minority like the White League could easily overbear even a large adverse majority mainly composed of colored voters.

If Congress should fail to deal with the Louisiana question, it will have betrayed its most pressing trust, and have gone far to show that the Republican party is unequal to the responsibility of the hour.

THE NEW YORK HAPPY FAMILY.

THE great event in the Democratic victory of the autumn was conceded to be the election of Governor TILDEN in New York. There was great hilarity, and the enthusiasts thought they distinctly saw a possible President. There was a love-feast at the Manhattan Club, and Governor TILDEN and Mayor WICKHAM were fêted and congratulated like a king and an heir-apparent. But suddenly the happy family in this State has been wofully divided, and our friends elsewhere will naturally wish to understand the situation. One of the Democratic cries was "home rule," and the special application of it was to the city of New York, which, it was said, would now be left to govern itself. The charter, however, provides that the chief officers in the city may be removed by the Mayor, but only with the approval of the Governor, to whom the Mayor shall state his reasons. In his Message at his inauguration the Governor substantially approved this principle, as securing a necessary accountability to the State. Now the present Mayor is the creation of Tammany Hall, or Mr. JOHN KELLY, who wishes, through that organization, an absolute mastery of the city and the unchecked disposition of its chief offices, especially of the Comptrollership, now filled by Mr. GREEN.

The Mayor removed, so far as he could, certain city officers, and sent his "reasons" to the Governor, meaning, undoubtedly, if the Governor were satisfied with that form, to remove other officers, including the Comptroller, to whom the Governor is friendly. The Governor, in reply, said that he should like to have some kind of evidence upon which he could base his approval. The Mayor rejoined that the charter required him only to state his "reasons." The Governor answered him in a most vigorous vindication of his right to know, before he officially approved an act, whether he ought to approve it. Meanwhile Tammany Hall took the alarm. It had decided after the election to make Mr. JEREMIAH M'GUIRE—a gentleman known to the State only as the accuser of the late EZRA CORNELL of swindling—Speaker of the Assembly, and to put him in command of the party at Albany. In view of the possible hesitation of the Governor, Tammany had prepared a bill, known as the COSTIGAN bill, giving the Mayor absolute power of removal. This was made a party measure by the caucus, but when it came to the House there was a menacing Democratic opposition. The Speaker, Tammany's man, promptly left the chair, and denounced the Governor as the "one-man power," and held him up to scorn as a dictator in a "chamber." Mr. DAVIS and Mr. SHATTUCK, both Democrats, retorted with vigor; and indeed it was not easy to see why it was not as well to "toady," in the Speaker's phrase, to the Governor as to the Speaker, or why "dragooning" by the chair was preferable to "dictation" from the Executive Chamber. Tammany, however, was successful. The bill was adopted by the House, and, if the Republican Senate chooses, will go to the Governor. If he vetoes it, he breaks with Tammany Hall. If he signs it, he abandons his convictions, and "for party gives up what was meant for" the State.

Governor TILDEN'S position under the charter is impregnable. No honorable man with a just sense of the moral obligations of his office would approve the summary removal of the most important officers without some evidence that they ought to be removed. The Mayor says that he is something more than a commissioner to take testimony for the consideration of the Governor. That is true, as the Governor admits; but the Governor is certainly something more than the registrar of the Mayor's edicts. He represents the State, the political community which grants and defines the power of the city; and that community has decided in the charter that the common welfare is best promoted by the concurrence of the Governor and the Mayor in removals. As to the principle which underlies this concurrence, Governor TILDEN evidently thinks that it is indispensable to prevent removals for cause from becoming removals for arbitrary will. "Home rule" is a very pretty phrase. That eminent Democratic statesman and chief, FERNANDO WOOD, when he was baffled in sending arms to rebels to destroy the Union, wanted the city of New York to set up for itself as an independent power. And if the Sixth Ward had then proposed the same independence, and every house in the ward a similar freedom, it would have been an exceedingly logical illustration of "home rule." What is wanted in practical government is common-sense.

THE CONNECTICUT CAMPAIGN.

AT the late Democratic State Convention in Connecticut Mr. DAVID A. WELLS presided. Mr. WELLS is known as a Special Revenue Commissioner and as a student and authority in finance. He was brought into public prominence by his pamphlet upon *Our Burden and our Strength*, which was published during the war, and was of great service in maintaining confidence in the ample power of the country to meet every demand. Mr. WELLS was one of the active agents of the "Liberal" Republican schism of 1872, and has been strongly opposed to the Administration of General GRANT. He has now joined the Democratic party, and is suggested as a candidate for Congress from the Norwich district. In his speech upon taking the chair at Hartford Mr. WELLS stated what he calls the principles of the Democratic party. But we look to the practice and traditions of that party for them in vain. Mr. WELLS mentions certain principles which he approves and which he attributes to the party with which he has decided to act. But the principles of an active political organization are not to be found in the wishes of proselytes, but in the practices and traditions and habits of the party, and in the character and career of the men whom it honors.

The first Democratic principle, according to Mr. WELLS, is that that government is best which governs least. This is a general statement which is vague, and is, in a certain sense, indisputable; at least it is not, with proper interpretation, denied by Republicans. But if the just end of government be the defense of justice and liberty, a strong defense is certainly better than a weak one. For the proper ends of government the stronger it is the better. If it is said that the Democratic party comprehends the ends of government more truly than the Republican, our political history disproves the assertion, for the Democratic party has been steadily hostile to liberty and justice. Mr. WELLS adds that another Democratic principle is a government which does not interfere with the rights of States. As a matter of fact, however, the Democratic party has virtually asserted State sovereignty; and secession was a logical fruit of actual Democratic teaching and tradition, whatever the "principle" may have been. Democratic leaders plotted disunion as constitutional, and a Democratic President and Attorney-General found no power in the fundamental law to coerce a State, that is, to maintain the Union. When slavery could be served by overriding State rights, the Democratic party did not hesitate; when it

could be helped by asserting them, it loudly asserted. In the Territories of the United States it insisted that slave-holders could hold their slaves under State laws. A just respect for State rights may be a "Democratic principle," as equal human rights may be, but the actual Democratic party respects one no more than the other.

The third "principle" announced by Mr. Wells as Democratic is "equal and exact justice to all." No wonder his speech was described as humorous, for this is merely a joke. The Democratic party has been the great "slave-monger," and its policy, until Republicans freed the slaves, was the perpetuation and indefinite extension of slavery. The black codes and vagrant laws of '65 were the work of the Democratic party, and there is not a negro hunted and shot by political hate in a Southern State who is not murdered by a supporter of "Democratic principles." That is not the fault of the party, it may be rejoined; but if the Democratic party in every Southern State were bent upon "equal and exact justice to all," there would be no question of force bills. Finally, we are told that the Democratic party advocates and insists upon hard money. Where? In Connecticut, perhaps, and in New York, but not in Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, or Missouri. This is the way in which the Democratic party insists "upon hard money." Mr. Wells has joined the Democratic party probably because he despairs of the Republican. But he will find that he is not able to convert it to what he calls Democratic principles. It is the organization of the reaction against the ideas of the war and of reconstruction. We are sorry to read in a Democratic report that Mr. Wells declared "the Republican party had failed to make the bad money they pay the people equal to the good money they pay the bond-holders." This is fair enough from a Democratic demagogue, but not from Mr. Wells. The demagogue naturally arrays the poor "people" against the haughty bond-holders, as if the bond-holders were not part of the people, and as if "the people" themselves had not agreed to pay "good money" to the holders of the bonds. It is amazing, with the situation in the Southern States in full view, with the repudiation platforms of Western Democratic Conventions adopted last autumn, and with the unchanged leadership of the Democratic party, that any thoughtful man who has been a Republican should look to that party for the honest defense of equal rights or for a sound financial system, or be willing to intrust the guardianship of the amended Constitution to a party which contains every enemy of the amendments.

"SECTARIAN SCHOOLS."

Our late article upon this subject has elicited from those most concerned so prompt and warm a denial of the object imputed to the Providence meeting that we are almost glad of the misapprehension under which it was written. We print with pleasure the following letter from Mr. Warren, president of Boston University:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Respected Sir,—A vigorous editorial in your issue of February 20 prominently associates my name with a reported movement for supplanting our public schools with sectarian ones. Allow me to say that such an idea is quite as abhorrent to me and to those with whom I am associated as it can be to the writer of that editorial. In all the immense denomination which is placed in so false a light by the rumor on which the editorial is based I have never met one man who would for a moment tolerate so treasonable a proposition. The whole *canard* originated in the stupidity of a would-be reporter, who, instead of using his eyes and ears, depends for his facts upon a subjective consciousness not always strictly trustworthy. The following card, published in the Boston *Journal* of December 11, 1874, explains the origin and groundlessness of the preposterous charge:

"*To the Editors of the Boston Journal:*

"Slight inaccuracies in news dispatches are so nearly unavoidable that they are easily forgiven, even by those most nearly concerned, but when the whole purpose and result of a public meeting are misstated, and a large proportion of the community placed in a false position, a correction seems absolutely necessary. The following, which appears in this morning's *Journal*, is a case in point:

"'Methodist Sectarian Schools.—*Providence, December* 7. The project of establishing sectarian schools by the Methodists is exciting some attention here, and meetings have been held in the Mathewson and Methodist churches this afternoon and evening to consider the subject. Able addresses were delivered by President W. F. Warren, of Boston University, Rev. Dr. Clark, of Charlestown, and other prominent Methodists. No definite action was taken, the meeting being called merely to open the matter to the Methodist Church.'

"This plainly conveys the idea that the purpose of the meetings referred to (which, by-the-way, were held in but *one* church) was to advance the 'project of establishing sectarian schools.' As a participant in the exercises, and to correct so misleading a statement, I wish to say (1) that the sole and single purpose of the meeting was to awaken a greater interest in the general subject of education and in existing institutions; (2) that the first speaker was, by invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, State Commissioner of the Public Schools of Rhode Island, and a worthy orthodox Congregationalist; (3) that the committee specially invited the Rev. Dr. Robinson, president of Brown University, a most eminent Baptist, to participate in the meeting, and but for his necessary absence in New York would have been favored with his presence; (4) that nearly every speaker expressly eulogized the principles of our public-school system, and sought to intensify the esteem in which they are held; (5) that our public schools have no surer defense against the machinations of those who would supplant them by sectarian ones than in the loyal sentiment of the great Christian denomination whose wishes and work are so utterly and unaccountably misrepresented in the above dispatch. Yours respectfully, William F. Warren.

"Boston, *December* 10, 1874."

THE PRESS "GAG LAW."

A very able committee of the Senate—Messrs. Edmonds, Conkling, Frelinghuysen, Wright, Thurman, and Stevenson—have made a unanimous report upon the Press "Gag Law," in which they say:

"We are of opinion that, as before stated, no person charged with the crime of libel can be brought into the District of Columbia under it, for no person can be brought here under it for any crime whatever. And it is equally plain that no person charged with the crime of libel in any other district or place in the United States can be arrested here and sent to such district or place under its force.

* * * * * * *

"The sum of the matter is that the second section of the act of June 23, 1874, confers upon the courts of the District of Columbia the power to arrest offenders found in the District who are charged with crime committed within the District, and hold them for trial (which was the law before), and to arrest offenders found in the District who have committed crimes against the United States in some judicial district of the United States, and to send them to such district for trial; and that is all. No person can be brought into the District of Columbia under it, either for libel or any other crime."

For this opinion the committee give reasons, and their report will be accepted by both parties as a final settlement of the question. It appears from the report that the Republican party did not strike at the freedom of the press, as was alleged, and as perhaps some persons in Washington wished. Yet the misunderstanding was so great and general that the crime against free speech was denounced in many platforms last summer, and Mr. Poland's defeat is thought to have been largely due to this bill. The excitement over the mere suggestion, however, and the consequent reference and report to the able Judiciary Committee of the Senate, show a wholesome jealousy of any thing which even seems to threaten the freedom of the press.

SAMUEL HOOPER.

The late Mr. Hooper will long be missed in Washington, where his house was one of the most hospitable, and his friendly courtesy most constant. From his early youth a man of business, sagacious, enterprising, self-relying, and very successful, his experience and ability made him one of the most trusty and valuable friends of the government during the war, and Mr. Chase constantly consulted him. In Congress, where he had sat for fourteen years, Mr. Hooper was a diligent and most efficient member of the financial committees, never debating and seldom speaking in the House, but bringing a sound judgment to the consideration of all questions. His committee-room, on Banking and Currency, was, we believe, the Speaker's room of the old Capitol, to which John Quincy Adams was carried when he fell mortally stricken in the House, and in which he died. Mr. Hooper, to commemorate so interesting a historic event, had a bust of Adams placed, at his own expense, upon the wall over the spot on which he lay.

Mr. Hooper's house was the seat of a refined and profuse hospitality, and few noted persons have been in Washington during the last twelve years who have not shared it. The host was always the most quiet of the company, but there was some solvent, some charm, which made every guest friendly and at home. Statesmen, scholars, poets, politicians, men of every profession and creed, met as upon a common ground, and called a truce to difference. Gentle and unassuming in manner, with a shrewd sense of humor and extraordinary tact, there are probably very few public and party men who have lived in Washington during the stormy time of Mr. Hooper's residence there who have aroused so few animosities, or whose death would be more generally regretted.

PERSONAL.

In 1847 the Girard College was opened, with 150 orphans; now it has 550, the limit of the capacity of the present buildings. The income in 1874 of the estate was $600,000; expenses of the college $400,000, leaving $200,000 surplus. The income is largely on the increase, and it is not easy to say where it will stop. Twelve coal mines, unproductive at Mr. Girard's death, have been opened, and yield a large revenue. The estate has 550 acres of land in the southern part of Philadelphia, which will soon produce an immense income. There is sufficient land on Passyunk Road to put up from 10,000 to 12,000 houses, and they would yield to the estate at least $1,500,000 per year. Every year the trust could expend $200,000 in building, which would yield ten per cent. on the outlay. The taxes paid by the estate to the city last year were $75,000. It is destined to become very speedily the most magnificently endowed institution in the world.

—What anxiety and trouble to dine off plate the value of which is counted by hundreds of thousands! In the *Greville Memoirs* we have an instance: "Sefton gave me an account of the dinner in St. George's Hall, Windsor, on the king's birthday, which was magnificent—excellent and well served. Bridge (of the house of Rundell & Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewelers of the day) came down with the plate, and was hid during the dinner behind the great wine-cooler, which weighs 7000 ounces, and he told Sefton afterward that the plate in the room was worth $1,000,000. There is another service of gold plate which was not used at all. The king has made it all over to the crown. All this plate was ordered by the late king, and never used: his delight was ordering what the public had to pay for."

—One of the best actors London has sent to this country—Mr. George Rignold—has achieved a remarkable success at Booth's Theatre in *Henry V.*, which has just been produced there with unprecedented scenic effects, and is, on the whole, the finest Shakspearean representation that has been witnessed in New York. The daily press is unanimous in its encomiums of Mr. Rignold for his quiet, dignified, manly, kingly rendition of the part of the valiant monarch. His delivery of the famous soliloquy and prayer is exceptionally fine. One of the best touches of nature is the meeting of the soldier with wife and child, when all London, old London, greets the victorious return of the king with ringing of bells, waving of banners, and procession of town guilds. In contrast with the frivolity of the modern drama, Mr. Rignold's Henry V., generous adversary, munificent friend, brave commander, and gallant soldier wooer, rises to a height of grandeur where Shakspeare placed him.

—After Mr. Disraeli had likened the late cabinet to a line of extinct volcanoes, some Conservative members, for whom the allusion was too refined, asked as to the *literal* meaning of the figure, upon which a London member replied, "He meant *used-up craters*, of course."

—In Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's *Life of Napoleon III.*, just issued in London, many new and interesting facts are given of the earlier years of that personage, his studies, pursuits, etc., showing him to have been at all times a more than ordinarily close student, while at the same time indulging freely in the pleasures of society. It is popularly supposed that after his escape from Ham he found it an extremely hard matter to insure himself a dinner in London, and was often reduced to something verging on starvation in a second floor back in King Street, St. James's. The truth is that he rented the entire house, at $1500 per annum, that he lived there in considerable style, that he entertained largely, and that he generally had a balance at his bankers', the Barings—always his friends—of some $25,000.

—The Rev. Frederick William Farrar, whose *Life of Christ*, just published simultaneously in London by Cassell and in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co., is one of the most remarkable as well as most fascinating religious works of the day, is one of the men now most talked of in the literary circles of England. Mr. Farrar is in the prime of manhood—forty-four—and from his college days onward has been distinguished for intellectual abilities and attainments. While a student at Cambridge he won the Chancellor's medals for the best English poem and for two of the prize essays. At twenty-seven he was elected an honorary Fellow of King's College, at thirty-five a Fellow of the Royal Society, at thirty-seven university preacher, at thirty-eight honorary chaplain to the Queen, and at forty Master of Marlborough College—a promotion unusually rapid, but fairly achieved. He is the author of several novels, various philological books, and several strong works in theology; has been a contributor to *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, *Kitto's Biblical Encyclopedia*, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and to the leading reviews; while some of his lectures and papers delivered before the Royal Institution and the British Association have led to important modifications in the English public schools. But his fame will rest chiefly on his *Life of Christ*, which, in whatever light it may be viewed, is one of the most charming and instructive, as it is one of the most erudite, works of the day.

—Mr. William T. Garner is about to build and present to the New York Yacht Club a new and very fine club-house at Stapleton, Staten Island. The building will be placed on a dock extending three or four hundred feet into the bay, and will have every convenience and luxury which taste, ingenuity, and experience can suggest. Mr. Garner will spare no expense in the matter. Though on the sunny side of forty, he is one of the wealthiest young men, and probably the wealthiest cotton manufacturer, in the United States. His estate runs high up in the millions, and his factories at Cohoes, Rochester, Wappinger's Falls, and Reading are on a gigantic scale, and yield a princely revenue. Mr. Garner is his own principal business man, and his administrative abilities are of the highest order.

—In a recent London journal we find a personal sketch of the late Canon Kingsley, which gives pleasant account of his way of life at home: "The picturesque bow-windowed rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on certain hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-tree, the garden—a gravel-sweep before the drawing-room and dining-rooms, a grass-plot before the study, hedged off from the walk—and the tall active figure of the rector tramping up and down one or the other. His energy made him seem every where, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing-desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils—two in number, and treated like his own sons—were working in the dining-room, his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife—who was far from strong—or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plot in thought and with long strides. He was a great smoker, and tobacco was to him a needful sedative. He always used a long and clean *church-warden*, and these pipes used to be bought a barrelful at a time. They lurked in all sorts of unexpected places. A pipe would suddenly be extracted from a bush in the garden, filled and lighted as if by magic; or one has even been drawn suddenly from a whin bush on the heath some half mile from the house. But none was ever smoked which was in any degree foul, and when there was a vast accumulation of old pipes—enough to fill the barrel—they were sent back again to the kiln to be rebaked, and returned fresh and new. This gave him a striking simile, which, in *Alton Locke*, he puts into the mouth of James Crossthwaite: 'Katie here believes in purgatory, where souls are burnt clean again, like 'bacca pipes.'"

—Professor Georg Curtius, of Leipsic, reckoned in Germany as the first of living Greek scholars, is not only a great philologer, but in all respects a jolly good fellow, and an immense favorite with his "hearers," as students are commonly termed in the German universities. Ordinarily the relations between the Herr Doctor Professor and the student are of the most distant and formal kind, and it is generally regarded as the correct thing for the latter, immediately on matriculating, to call upon the professor whose lectures he designs attending in full dress, and to present his *Anmeldungs-buch*, or proper credentials for the course, with hands cased in the most immaculate kid. Professor Curtius, *au contraire*, for several years past—indeed, we believe, ever since his removal to Leipsic—has held weekly receptions for his students at his home, where there has been much generous hospitality and bright talk. It now appears that he has, in addition, established a Philological Club, consisting chiefly of his pupils, the Proceedings of which have just been published (*Sprachwissenschaftliche Abhandlungen, hervorgegangen aus* Georg Curtius, *Grammatischen Gesellschaft zu Leipzig*); and patriotic as we are, we yet feel bound to confess that the work is far ahead, both in scope and thoroughness, of any thing we can hope for in any of our American universities for many years to come. The most important paper presented is the opening one, by C. Augermann, on the causes which have produced the divergence between Greek and Latin, but the more interesting to the general reader, though displaying less originality, is E. Beerman's essay on words borrowed by Latin from Greek.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

There was not much of interest in the transactions of Congress during the week ending February 20. On the 15th the House Civil Rights Bill was reported in the Senate by the Judiciary Committee, but nothing further was done with it.—Mr. Butler introduced a bill in the House, on the 15th, providing for the recognition of nearly all the claimants who were shut out of the original Geneva Award Bill, and who are still asking for a part of the money.—The House Committee on Indian Affairs reported adversely on the bill proposing to organize the Indian Territory of Oklahama.—The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, on the 16th, reported that the so-called "Gag Law" could not be used to summon to Washington for trial any one charged with uttering a libel at a distance.—The House Committee on Foreign Affairs, February 17, adopted the Supplementary Immigration Bill. It forbids the importation of any subject of any Oriental country, under contract for term of service in the United States, for lewd or immoral purposes, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The third and fourth sections prohibit the importation of women for immoral purposes, and make such importation, and also the importation of any cooly laborer under contract, a felony. Aliens who are under sentence for crimes other than political in their own country, or whose sentence has been remitted on condition of their emigration, are forbidden to immigrate into the United States. Masters, owners, and consignees of vessels are made responsible for the character of immigrants, and, under certain circumstances, they may be required to give bonds, before immigrants are permitted to land, that they shall be returned within six months to the country from which they came.—Mr. Morton's resolution for the admission of Senator Pinchback was tabled, February 18, after a continuous session of twenty-nine hours.—The House, on the 18th, passed the bill for improving the mouth of the Mississippi River by the jetty system.—The Army Appropriation Bill, amounting to $27,000,000, passed the House February 19.

President Grant has issued a proclamation convening the Senate in extraordinary session on the 5th of March.

S. J. R. M'Millen (Republican) has been elected United States Senator from Minnesota in place of Alexander Ramsey.

The Tammany Costigan Bill, providing for "local self-government" in the city of New York, passed the Assembly February 18. The points of the bill were given in the *Weekly* of February 6.

The Connecticut Democratic State Convention was held in Hartford, February 16, Mr. David A. Wells presiding. The entire State ticket was renominated.

Rear-Admiral Charles Bell, of the United States navy, died at his residence in New Brunswick, New Jersey, February 19, in his seventy-seventh year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Full reports of the recent massacre of Protestants by Roman Catholic fanatics in Acapulco, Mexico, have reached us through the San Francisco papers. Rev. M. N. Hutchinson, who was in charge of the mission at the time of the slaughter, relates that six members of his congregation were killed and nine wounded. Mr. Hutchinson is on his way to this city, where he will represent the condition and needs of Protestantism in Mexico.

John Mitchel, the Irish refugee, and Dr. Kenealy, of Tichborne fame, have been elected members of the British Parliament. Mr. Disraeli in a resolution opposed the admission of Mitchel on the ground that he is a convicted felon, and therefore ineligible. The House of Commons passed the resolution without division. Following this a motion was carried declaring the election void, and granting a writ for a new one.

A fire occurred in Port-au-Prince February 11, and five hundred houses were destroyed.

The Japanese government has appropriated $200,000 for expenditures in connection with the Philadelphia Centennial Celebration.

An Encyclical from the Pope to the Prussian bishops is published. It denounces the Falk ecclesiastical laws, and excommunicates members of the clergy who accept benefices from the state.

A match factory in Gottenburg, Sweden, crowded with work-people, was burned February 19. The flames spread with such rapidity that the employés in the upper stories were cut off from escape, and many perished in the fire, or were killed by jumping from the windows. Fifty-one lives are reported to have been lost.

It having been rumored that Prince Bismarck was likely to retire from the Chancellorship, the Magdeburg *Gazette* says that he has consented to remain in office at the personal appeal of the Emperor.

Great Britain has instructed her minister at Madrid to recognize Alfonso as King of Spain.

King Alfonso has appointed the following-named Spanish ministers to foreign courts: Señor Rances to England, Señor Bedmar to Russia, Señor Merry to Germany, Señor Coello to Italy, and Señor Tatuan to Austria.

Among the passengers on the Pacific Mail steamer *Arizona*, arriving at San Francisco from Panama February 19, were forty-five Sisters of Charity expelled from Mexico.

"A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT, AND NO DOMESTIC VIOLENCE."

BANDITTI. "The Northern and Southern Democratic Party *command you to suffer*, as it will place the United States Government in our hands. So what are you going to do about it?"

"HE LAID MY CHECK ON THE TABLE WITH A LOW BOW."

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. PLAYMORE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

By that night's post, although I was far from being fit to make the exertion, I wrote to Mr. Playmore, to tell him what had taken place, and to beg for his earliest assistance and advice.

The notes in Benjamin's book were partly written in short-hand, and were, on that account, of no use to me in their existing condition. At my request he made two fair copies. One of the copies I inclosed in my letter to Mr. Playmore. The other I laid by me on my bedside table when I went to rest.

Over and over again, through the long hours of the wakeful night, I read and re-read the last words which had dropped from Miserrimus Dexter's lips. Was it possible to interpret them to any useful purpose? At the very outset they seemed to set interpretation at defiance. After trying vainly to solve the hopeless problem, I did at last what I might as well have done at first—I threw down the paper in despair. Where were my bright visions of discovery and success now? Scattered to the winds! Was there the faintest chance of the stricken man's return to reason? I remembered too well what I had seen to hope for it. The closing lines of the medical report which I had read in Mr. Playmore's office recurred to my memory in the stillness of the night. "When the catastrophe has happened, his friends can entertain no hope of his cure: the balance once lost, will be lost for life."

The confirmation of that terrible sentence was not long in reaching me. On the next morning the gardener brought a note containing the information which the doctor had promised to give me on the previous day.

Miserrimus Dexter and Ariel were still where Benjamin and I had left them together—in the long room. They were watched by skilled attendants, waiting the decision of Dexter's nearest relative (a younger brother), who lived in the country, and who had been communicated with by telegraph. It had been found impossible to part the faithful Ariel from her Master without using the bodily restraints adopted in cases of raging insanity. The doctor and the gardener, both unusually strong men, had failed to hold the poor creature when they first attempted to remove her on entering the room. Directly they permitted her to return to her Master the frenzy vanished: she was perfectly quiet and contented so long as they let her sit at his feet and look at him.

Sad as this was, the report of Miserrimus Dexter's condition was more melancholy still.

"My patient is in a state of absolute imbecility"—those were the words in the doctor's letter, and the gardener's simple narrative confirmed them as the truest words that could have been used. He was utterly unconscious of poor Ariel's devotion to him; he did not even appear to know that she was present in the room. For hours together he remained in a state of utter lethargy in his chair. He showed an animal interest in his meals, and a greedy animal enjoyment of eating and drinking as much as he could get, and that was all. "This morning," the honest gardener said to me at parting, "we thought he seemed to wake up a bit. Looked about him, you know, and made queer signs with his hands. I couldn't make out what he meant; no more could the doctor. *She* knew, poor thing—she did. Went and got him his harp, and put his hand up to it. Lord bless you! no use. He couldn't play, no more than I can. Twanged at it anyhow, and grinned and gabbled to himself. No: he'll never come right again. Any person can see that, without the doctor to help 'em. Enjoys his meals, as I told you, and that's all. It would be the best thing that could happen if it would please God to take him. There's no more to be said. I wish you good-morning, ma'am."

He went away with the tears in his eyes; and he left me—I own it—with the tears in mine.

An hour later there came some news which revived me. I received a telegram from Mr. Playmore expressed in these welcome words: "Obliged to go to London by to-night's mail-train. Expect me to breakfast to-morrow morning."

The appearance of the lawyer at our breakfast-table duly followed the appearance of his telegram. His first words cheered me. To my infinite surprise and relief, he was far from sharing the despondent view which I took of my position.

"I don't deny," he said, "that there are some serious obstacles in your way. But I should never have called here before I attend to my professional business in London if Mr. Benjamin's notes had not produced a very strong impression on my mind. For the first time, as *I* think, you really have a prospect of success. For the first time I feel justified in offering (under certain restrictions) to help you. That miserable wretch in the collapse of his intelligence has done what he would never have done in the possession of his sense and his cunning—he has let us see the first precious glimmerings of the light of truth."

"Are you sure it *is* the truth?" I asked.

"In two important particulars," he answered, "I know it to be the truth. Your idea about him is the right one. His memory (as you suppose) was the least injured of his faculties, and was the last to give way under the strain of trying to tell that story. I believe his memory to have been speaking to you (unconsciously to himself) in all that he said from the moment when the first reference to 'the letter' escaped him to the end."

"But what does the reference to the letter mean?" I asked. "For my part, I am entirely in the dark about it."

"So am I," he answered, frankly. "The chief one among the obstacles which I mentioned just now is the obstacle presented by that same 'letter.' The late Mrs. Eustace must have been connected with it in some way, or Dexter would never have spoken of it as 'a dagger in his heart;' Dexter would never have coupled her name with the words which describe the tearing up of the letter and the throwing of it away. I can arrive with some certainty at this result, and I can get no farther. I have no more idea than you have of who wrote the letter or of what was written in it. If we are ever to make that discovery—probably the most important discovery of all—we must dispatch our first inquiries a distance of three thousand miles. In plain English, my dear lady, we must send to America."

This, naturally enough, took me completely by surprise. I waited eagerly to hear why we were to send to America.

"It rests with you," he proceeded, "when you hear what I have to tell you, to say whether you will go to the expense of sending a man to New York or not. I can find the right man for the purpose, and I estimate the expense, including a telegram—"

"Never mind the expense," I interposed, losing all patience with the eminently Scotch view of the case which put my purse in the first place of importance. "I don't care for the expense; I want to know what you have discovered."

He smiled. "She doesn't care for the expense," he said to himself, pleasantly. "How like a woman!"

I might have retorted, "He thinks of the expense before he thinks of any thing else. How like a Scotchman!" As it was, I was too anxious to be witty. I only drummed impatiently with my fingers on the table, and said, "Tell me! tell me!"

He took out the fair copy from Benjamin's note-book which I had sent to him, and showed me these among Dexter's closing words: "What about the letter? Burn it now. No fire in the grate. No matches in the box. House topsy-turvy. Servants all gone."

"Do you really understand what those words mean?" I asked.

"I look back into my own experience," he answered, "and I understand perfectly what the words mean."

"And can you make me understand them too?"

"Easily. In those incomprehensible sentences Dexter's memory has correctly recalled certain facts. I have only to tell you the facts, and you will be as wise as I am. At the time of the Trial your husband surprised and distressed me by insisting on the instant dismissal of all the household servants at Gleninch. I was instructed to pay them a quarter's wages in advance, to give them the excellent written characters which their good conduct thoroughly deserved, and to see the house clear of them at an hour's notice. Eustace's motive for this summary proceeding was much the same motive which animated his conduct toward you. 'If I am ever to return to Gleninch,' he said, 'I can not face my honest servants after the infamy of having stood my trial for murder.' There was his reason! Nothing that I could say to him, poor fellow, shook his resolution. I dismissed the servants accordingly. At an hour's notice they quitted the house, leaving their work for the day all undone. The only persons placed in charge of Gleninch were persons who lived on the outskirts of the park, that is to say, the lodge-keeper and his wife and daughter. On the last day of the Trial I instructed the daughter to do her best to make the rooms tidy. She was a good girl enough, but she had no experience as a house-maid: it would never enter her head to lay the bedroom fires ready for lighting, or to replenish the empty match-boxes. Those chance words that dropped from Dexter would, no doubt, exactly describe the state of his room when he returned to Gleninch, with the prisoner and his mother, from Edinburgh. That he tore up the mysterious letter in his bedroom, and (finding no means immediately at hand for burning it) that he threw the fragments into the empty grate or into the waste-paper basket, seems to be the most reasonable conclusion that we can draw from what we know. In any case, he would not have much time to think about it. Every thing was done in a hurry on that day. Eustace and his mother, accompanied by Dexter, left for England the same evening by the night train. I myself locked up the house and gave the keys to the lodge-keeper. It was understood that he was to look after the preservation of the reception-rooms on the ground-floor, and that his wife and daughter were to perform the same service, between them, in the rooms up stairs. On receiving your letter I drove at once to Gleninch to question the old woman on the subject of the bedrooms, and of Dexter's room especially. She remembered the time when the house was shut up, by associating it with the time when she was confined to her bed by an attack of sciatica. She had not crossed the lodge door, she was sure, for at least a week (if not longer) after Gleninch

had been left in charge of her husband and herself. Whatever was done in the way of keeping the bedrooms aired and tidy, during her illness, was done by her daughter. She, and she only, must have disposed of any litter which might have been lying about in Dexter's room. Not a vestige of torn paper, as I can myself certify, is to be discovered in any part of the room now. Where did the girl find the fragments of the letter? and what did she do with them? Those are the questions (if you approve it) which we must send three thousand miles away to ask, for this sufficient reason, that the lodge-keeper's daughter was married more than a year since, and that she is settled with her husband in business at New York. It rests with you to decide what is to be done. Don't let me mislead you with false hopes. Don't let me tempt you to throw away your money! Even if this woman does remember what she did with the torn paper, the chances, at this distance of time, are enormously against our ever recovering a single morsel of it. Be in no haste to decide. I have my work to do in the City—I can give you the whole day to think it over."

"Send the man to New York by the next steamer," I said. "There is my decision, Mr. Playmore, without keeping you waiting for it."

He shook his head in grave disapproval of my impetuosity. In my former interview with him we had never once touched on the question of money. I was now, for the first time, to make acquaintance with Mr. Playmore on the purely Scotch side of his character.

"Why, you don't even know what it will cost you!" he exclaimed, taking out his pocket-book with the air of a man who was equally startled and scandalized. "Wait till I tot it up," he said, "in English and American money."

"I can't wait. I want to make more discoveries."

He took no notice of my interruption: he went on impenetrably with his calculations.

"The man will go second-class, and will take a return ticket. Very well. His ticket includes his food, and (being, thank God, a teetotaler) he won't waste your money in buying liquor on board. Arrived at New York, he will go to a cheap German house, where he will, as I am credibly informed, be boarded and lodged at the rate—"

By this time (my patience being completely worn out) I had taken my check-book from the table drawer, had signed my name, and had handed the blank check across the table to my legal adviser.

"Fill it in with whatever the man wants," I said. "And for Heaven's sake let us get back to Dexter!"

Mr. Playmore fell back in his chair, and lifted his hands and eyes to the ceiling. I was not in the least impressed by that solemn appeal to the unseen powers of arithmetic and money. I insisted positively on being fed with more information.

"Listen to this," I went on, reading from Benjamin's notes. "What did Dexter mean when he said, 'Number Nine, Caldershaws. Ask for Dandie. You sha'n't have the Diary. A secret in your ear. The Diary will hang him.' How came Dexter to know what was in my husband's Diary? And what does he mean by 'Number Nine, Caldershaws,' and the rest of it? Facts again?"

"Facts again!" Mr. Playmore answered, "muddled up together, as you may say, but positive facts for all that. Caldershaws, you must know, is one of the most disreputable districts in Edinburgh. One of my clerks (whom I am in the habit of employing confidentially) volunteered to inquire for 'Dandie,' at 'Number Nine.' It was a ticklish business in every way, and my man wisely took a person with him who was known in the neighborhood. 'Number Nine' turned out to be (ostensibly) a shop for the sale of rags and old iron; and 'Dandie' was suspected of trading now and then additionally as a receiver of stolen goods. Thanks to the influence of his companion, backed by a bank-note (which can be repaid, by-the-way, out of the fund for the American expenses), my clerk succeeded in making the fellow speak. Not to trouble you with needless details, the result in substance was this. A fortnight or more before the date of Mrs. Eustace's death, 'Dandie' made two keys from wax models supplied to him by a new customer. The mystery observed in the matter by the agent who managed it excited Dandie's distrust. He had the man privately watched before he delivered the keys; and he ended in discovering that his customer was—Miserrimus Dexter. Wait a little! I have not done yet. Add to this information Dexter's incomprehensible knowledge of the contents of your husband's Diary, and the product is, that the wax models sent to the old iron shop in Caldershaws were models taken by theft from the key of the Diary and the key of the table drawer in which it was kept. I have my own idea of the revelations that are still to come if this matter is properly followed up. Never mind going into that at present. Dexter (I tell you again) is answerable for the late Mrs. Eustace's death. *How* he is answerable I believe you are in a fair way of finding out. And, more than that, I say now, what I could not venture to say before, it is a duty toward Justice as well as a duty toward your husband to bring the truth to light. As for the difficulties to be encountered, I don't think they need daunt you. The greatest difficulties give way in the end, when they are attacked by the united alliance of patience, resolution—*and* economy."

With a strong emphasis on the last words, my worthy adviser, mindful of the flight of time and the claims of business, rose to take his leave.

"One word more," I said, as he held out his hand. "Can you manage to see Miserrimus Dexter before you go back to Edinburgh? From what the gardener told me, his brother must be with him by this time. It would be a relief to me to hear the latest news of him, and to hear it from you."

"It is part of my business in London to see him," said Mr. Playmore. "But, mind! I have no hope of his recovery: I only wish to satisfy myself that his brother is able and willing to take care of him. So far as *we* are concerned, Mrs. Eustace, that unhappy man has said his last words."

He opened the door—stopped—considered—and came back to me.

"With regard to that matter of sending the agent to America," he resumed. "I propose to have the honor of submitting to you a brief abstract—"

"Oh, Mr. Playmore!"

"A brief abstract in writing, Mrs. Eustace, of the estimated expenses of the whole proceeding. You will be good enough maturely to consider the same, making any remarks on it, tending to economy, which may suggest themselves to your mind at the time. And you will further oblige me, if you approve of the abstract, by yourself filling in the blank space on your check with the needful amount in words and figures. No, madam, I really can not justify it to my conscience to carry about my person any such loose and reckless document as a blank check. There's a total disregard of the first claims of prudence and economy implied in this small slip of paper, which is nothing less than a flat contradiction of the principles that have governed my whole life. I can't submit to flat contradiction. Good-morning, Mrs. Eustace—good-morning."

He laid my check on the table with a low bow, and left me. Among the curious developments of human stupidity which occasionally present themselves to view, surely the least excusable is the stupidity which, to this day, persists in wondering why the Scotch succeed so well in life.

CHAPTER XLII.

MORE SURPRISES!

The same evening I received my "abstract" by the hands of a clerk.

It was an intensely characteristic document. My expenses were remorselessly calculated downward to shillings and even to pence; and our unfortunate messenger's instructions, in respect of his expenditure, were reduced to a nicety which must have made his life in America nothing less than a burden to him. In mercy to the man, I took the liberty, when I wrote back to Mr. Playmore, of slightly increasing the indicated amount of the figures which were to appear on the check. I ought to have better known the correspondent whom I had to deal with. Mr. Playmore's reply (informing me that our emissary had started on his voyage) returned a receipt in due form—and the whole of the surplus money, to the last farthing!

A few hurried lines accompanied the "abstract," and stated the result of the lawyer's visit to Miserrimus Dexter.

There was no change for the better—there was no change at all. Mr. Dexter, the brother, had arrived at the house, accompanied by a medical man accustomed to the charge of the insane. The new doctor declined to give any definite opinion on the case until he had studied it carefully with plenty of time at his disposal. It had been accordingly arranged that he should remove Miserrimus Dexter to the asylum of which he was the proprietor as soon as the preparations for receiving the patient could be completed. The one difficulty that still remained to be met related to the disposal of the faithful creature who had never left her master, night or day, since the catastrophe had happened. Ariel had no friends and no money. The proprietor of the asylum could not be expected to receive her without the customary payment, and Mr. Dexter's brother "regretted to say that he was not rich enough to find the money." A forcible separation from the one human being whom she loved, and a removal in the character of a pauper to a public asylum—such was the prospect which awaited the unfortunate creature, unless some one interfered in her favor before the end of the week.

Under these sad circumstances good Mr. Playmore, passing over the claims of economy in favor of the claims of humanity, suggested that we should privately start a Subscription, and offered to head the list liberally himself.

I must have written all these pages to very little purpose if it is necessary for me to add that I instantly sent a letter to Mr. Dexter, the brother, undertaking to be answerable for whatever money was required while the subscriptions were being collected, and only stipulating that when Miserrimus Dexter was removed to the asylum, Ariel should accompany him. This was readily conceded. But serious objections were raised when I further requested that she might be permitted to attend on her master in the asylum, as she had attended on him in the house. The rules of the establishment forbade it, and the universal practice in such cases forbade it, and so on, and so on. However, by dint of perseverance and persuasion, I so far carried my point as to gain a reasonable concession. During certain hours in the day, and under certain wise restrictions, Ariel was to be allowed the privilege of waiting on the Master in his room, as well as of accompanying him when he was brought out in his chair to take the air in the garden. For the honor of humanity, let me add that the liability which I had undertaken made no very serious demands on my resources. Placed in Benjamin's charge, our subscription list prospered. Friends, and even strangers sometimes, opened their hearts and their purses when they heard Ariel's melancholy story.

The day which followed the day of Mr. Playmore's visit brought me news from Spain, in a letter from my mother-in-law. To describe what I felt when I broke the seal and read the first lines is simply impossible. Let Mrs. Macallan be heard on this occasion in my place.

Thus she wrote:

"Prepare yourself, my dearest Valeria, for a delightful surprise. Eustace has justified my confidence in him. When he returns to England, he returns—if you will let him—to his wife.

"This resolution, let me hasten to assure you, has not been brought about by any persuasions of mine. It is the natural outgrowth of your husband's gratitude and your husband's love. The first words he said to me, when he was able to speak, were these, 'If I live to return to England, and if I go to Valeria, do you think she will forgive me?' We can only leave it to you, my dear, to give the answer. If you love us, answer us by return of post.

"Having now told you what he said when I first informed him that you had been his nurse—and remember, if it seems very little, that he is still too weak to speak, except with difficulty—I shall purposely keep my letter back for a few days. My object is to give him time to think, and to frankly tell you of it, if the interval produces any change in his resolution.

"Three days have passed, and there is no change. He has but one feeling now—he longs for the day which is to unite him again to his wife.

"But there is something else connected with Eustace that you ought to know, and that I ought to tell you.

"Greatly as time and suffering have altered him in many respects, there is no change, Valeria, in the aversion—the horror, I may even say—with which he views your idea of inquiring anew into the circumstances which attended the lamentable death of his first wife. It makes no difference to him that you are only animated by a desire to serve his interests. 'Has she given up that idea? Are you positively sure she has given up that idea?' Over and over again he has put those questions to me. I have answered—what else could I do, in the miserably feeble state in which he still lies?—I have answered in such a manner as to soothe and satisfy him. I have said, 'Relieve your mind of all anxiety on that subject: Valeria has no choice but to give up the idea; the obstacles in her way have proved to be insurmountable—the obstacles have conquered her.' This, if you remember, was what I really believed would happen when you and I spoke of that painful topic, and I have heard nothing from you since which has tended to shake my opinion in the smallest degree. If I am right (as I pray God I may be) in the view that I take, you have only to confirm me in your reply, and all will be well. In the other event—that is to say, if you are still determined to persevere in your hopeless project—then make up your mind to face the result. Set Eustace's prejudices at defiance in this particular, and you lose your hold on his gratitude, his penitence, and his love—you will, in my belief, never see him again.

"I express myself strongly, in your own interests, my dear, and for your own sake. When you reply, write a few lines to Eustace, inclosed in your letter to me.

"As for the date of our departure, it is still impossible for me to give you any definite information. Eustace recovers very slowly: the doctor has not yet allowed him to leave his bed. And when we do travel, we must journey by easy stages. It will be at least six weeks, at the earliest, before we can hope to be back again in dear Old England.

"Affectionately yours,
"Catherine Macallan."

I laid down the letter, and did my best (vainly enough for some time) to compose my spirits. To understand the position in which I now found myself it is only necessary to remember one circumstance. The messenger to whom we had committed our inquiries was, at that moment, crossing the Atlantic on his way to New York.

What was to be done?

I hesitated. Shocking as it may seem to some people, I hesitated. There was really no need to hurry my decision. I had the whole day before me.

I went out and took a wretched lonely walk, and turned the matter over in my mind. I came home again, and turned the matter over once more by the fireside. To offend and repel my darling when he was returning to me, penitently returning of his own free-will, was what no woman in my position, and feeling as I did, could under any earthly circumstances have brought herself to do. And yet, on the other hand, how in Heaven's name could I give up my grand enterprise at the very time when even wise and prudent Mr. Playmore saw such a prospect of succeeding in it that he had actually volunteered to help me? Placed between those two cruel alternatives, which could I choose? Think of your own frailties, and have some mercy on mine. I turned my back on both the alternatives. Those two agreeable fiends, Prevarication and Deceit, took me, as it were, softly by the hand: "Don't commit yourself either way, my dear," they said, in their most persuasive manner. "Write just enough to compose your mother-in-law and to satisfy your husband. You have got time before you. Wait and see if Time doesn't stand your friend and get you out of the difficulty."

Infamous advice! And yet I took it—I, who had been well brought up, and who ought to have known better. You who read this shameful confession would have known better, I am sure. *You* are not included, in the Prayer-Book category, among the "miserable sinners."

Well! well! let me have virtue enough to tell the truth. In writing to my mother-in-law I informed her that it had been found necessary to remove Miserrimus Dexter to an asylum, and I left her to draw her own conclusions from that fact, unenlightened by so much as one word of additional information. In the same way, I told my husband a part of the truth, and no more. I said I forgave him with all my heart—and I did. I said he had only to come to me, and I would receive him with open arms—and so I would. As for the rest, let me say, with Hamlet, "The rest is silence."

Having dispatched my unworthy letters, I found myself growing restless, and feeling the want of a change. It would be necessary to wait at least eight or nine days before we could hope to hear by telegraph from New York. I bade farewell for a time to my dear and admirable Benjamin, and betook myself to my old home in the North, at the Vicarage of my uncle Starkweather. My journey to Spain to nurse Eustace had made my peace with my worthy relatives. We had exchanged friendly letters, and I had promised to be their guest as soon as it was possible for me to leave London.

I passed a quiet and (all things considered) a happy time among the old scenes. I visited once more the bank by the river-side where Eustace and I had first met. I walked again on the lawn, and loitered through the shrubbery—those favorite haunts in which we had so often talked over our troubles, and so often forgotten them in a kiss. How sadly and strangely had our lives been parted since that time! How uncertain still was the fortune which the future had in store for us!

The associations amidst which I was now living had their softening effect on my heart, their elevating influence over my mind. I reproached myself, bitterly reproached myself, for not having written more fully and frankly to Eustace. Why had I hesitated to sacrifice to him my hopes and my interests in the coming investigation? *He* had not hesitated, poor fellow! *his* first thought was the thought of his wife.

I had passed a fortnight with my uncle and aunt before I heard again from Mr. Playmore. When a letter from him arrived at last, it disappointed me indescribably. A telegram from our messenger informed us that the lodge-keeper's daughter and her husband had left New York, and that he was still in search of a trace of them.

There was nothing to be done but to wait as patiently as we could on the chance of hearing better news. I remained in the North, by Mr. Playmore's advice, so as to be within an easy journey to Edinburgh, in case it might be necessary for me to consult him personally. Three more weeks of weary expectation passed before a second letter reached me. This time it was impossible to say whether the news was good or bad. It might have been either—it was simply bewildering. Even Mr. Playmore himself was taken by surprise. These were the last wonderful words—limited, of course, by considerations of economy—which reached us by telegraph from our agent in America:

"Open the dust heap at Gleninch."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A bill to reform the Gregorian year has been recently introduced into the House of Representatives. Its essential provisions are that the beginning of the year shall correspond to the winter solstice, and its principal divisions to the summer solstice and the equinoxes, the latter provision being intended to take the place of the intercalary rule of the Gregorian calendar, thus regulating the divisions by the astronomical conditions of the earth's orbit.

In a discussion of the subject by the Philosophical Society of Washington, the following views met with general assent, namely, that the present calendar could be advantageously changed, first, by moving the beginning of the year to the winter solstice, as proposed in the bill; second, that the months should then be alternately of thirty and thirty-one days, the last month having thirty-one days in the leap-year, and thirty during the interval; third, that the Gregorian mode of intercalation should be adhered to, merely placing the intercalary day the last day of the year (in these respects the members of the society expressing their views different entirely from the proposed bill); fourth, the change, if made, should be at the beginning of the next century; fifth, no one undertakes to say that the advantage gained would balance the inconvenience arising from a change. It is simply the way we would have made it at the time of the Gregorian reformation of the calendar.

In view of the convenience which would accrue to the science of terrestrial physics from such an adaptation of the ordinary count to the controlling influences depending on the earth's position relative to the sun, it may not be out of place to consider the matter during the next twenty-five years with a view to a change to go into effect at the beginning of the next century. Most people will probably be content to defer it to the year 2000.

In some remarks on the phenomena of mirage, Professor Everett states that when a ray of light is passed through a portion of air which is not equally dense on all sides of the ray, it is deflected toward the side on which the density is greatest, the sharpness of the curvature being proportional to the rates at which the density varies. If the air is stratified horizontally, it follows that a ray traveling nearly horizontally will be bent the most, and it is by such rays that we see the images which constitute mirage. In the average state of the atmosphere the curvature of horizontal rays is about one-fifth or one-sixth of the curvature of the earth's surface, being greater in cold than in warm weather, and greater with high than with low barometer. The curvature, however, depends principally

upon the rate at which the temperature changes with the height. The average rate is one degree for 300 feet. If the rate were one degree for fifty-three feet, the horizontal rays of light will be straight lines. A more rapid rate than this will render the air above denser than that below, and cause rays to bend up instead of down.

This condition of affairs may exist for a time, although it is a condition of unstable equilibrium, and must eventually be broken up by the inflow from the surrounding regions of cold air. An increase of temperature upward at the rate of about one degree in sixteen feet will make the curvature of horizontal rays equal to that of the earth, so that they may encircle the globe. Any such downward bending of rays of light increases the range of our vision, enabling us to see around the horizon, which otherwise limits the view, thus bringing distant objects in sight, and rendering nearer objects more distinctly visible, but without in any way inverting them.

A simple and possibly accurate method of measuring the velocity of light is suggested by Mr. BURGUE. A disk, turning very rapidly about its axis, is at each turn to be illuminated by an intermittent and instantaneous light. A single dark radial line on the disk will seem at rest, like the disk itself. Now withdraw the source of light to a distance, and the time the light takes to reach and illuminate the disk will become greater, and the radial line will appear displaced to a new position, forming with its previous position a certain small angle, which will measure the time of the light's passage over a given distance.

The Imperial Astronomical Observatory of Brazil is a dependence of the central college of Rio Janeiro, and is destined not only to teach practical astronomy to the students, but to make and publish astronomical and meteorological observations. The chronometers of the navy and army are there regulated, and the time is given daily by signal to the city. The building is situated on an eminence within the city, and the government is now taking measures to improve its scientific character. The director is at present in Europe with a view of procuring such instruments and apparatus as may be adapted to the studies required of the institution. An entire reorganization of the observatory is under way, with the purpose of training more thoroughly the persons charged with geologic and geodetic works. There is also an observatory at the capital of the province of Pernambuco.

An interesting study has lately been made by Professor HOLDEN, of the Washington Observatory, into the observations of Sir WILLIAM HERSCHEL upon the satellites of Uranus. It is well known that the latter astronomer sixty years ago announced that Uranus was accompanied by six satellites; but of the existence of four of these there has always been considerable doubt, since no one was ever able to confirm the observations of HERSCHEL. In 1847 LASSELL discovered two interior satellites, which were, however, different from those which HERSCHEL suspected; and since that day the four problematical satellites of HERSCHEL have been generally discarded by astronomers. Professor HOLDEN now brings testimony to the high excellence of HERSCHEL's observations, as, by computing backward, he has shown that probably this distinguished astronomer actually observed the two interior satellites of LASSELL (named by him Ariel and Umbriel); but that he was unfortunately prevented from identifying them as satellites because his telescope could not show them on two successive nights. The extreme difficulty of observing these objects makes us wonder at the marvelous skill and patience manifested by the elder HERSCHEL in this laborious research, which was carried on by him from 1787 to 1810.

Mr. J. W. L. GLAISHER, in some remarks on the history of the introduction of the decimal point into arithmetic, concludes that this invention must be attributed to NAPIER, the immortal inventor of logarithms. The earliest work in which the decimal separator was employed seems to be NAPIER's posthumous work in 1619, at which time it appears that he was aware of all the attributes that enable the decimal point to complete systematically our method of notation. About the same time BRIGGS employed a bent or curved line, for which, in printing, he substituted merely a horizontal bar drawn under the figures that were to be considered as decimals; but NAPIER himself has left so many instances of the actual use of the decimal point as to render it pretty certain that he thoroughly appreciated its use.

During the last two or three years the discovery of energetic forces of eruption on the sun has demonstrated the occasional occurrence of convulsions so violent that they may suffice to project molten and gaseous matters to distances beyond the sphere of the sun's attraction. The existence of such forces, and the evidence which the microscope affords that aerolites have had their origin among mineral masses in a state of fusion, if not of vapor, combine to support the theory, formerly entertained by other writers and recently announced very definitely by Mr. PROCTOR in England and Professor KIRKWOOD in America, of the astro-meteorological hypothesis of the origin of meteors and meteorites.

An expedition is about starting, if not already well on its way, from British Burmah for the exploration of Yun-nan by way of Momein and Talifu, embarking at the latter point, and going down the Yang-tse to Shanghai. It will be under the command of Colonel HORACE BROWNE, and will be accompanied by Mr. NEY ELIAS and Dr. JOHN ANDERSON, well-known travelers. If the members of the party succeed in reaching Shanghai, they will be the first Europeans who, since the days of MARCO POLO, have made their way through China from the west.

The Engineer Bureau has published an extract from the report of the Engineer-in-Chief, giving an account of the explorations and surveys in California, Nevada, and elsewhere, carried on in 1873 by Lieutenant GEORGE M. WHEELER. This, in addition to a general sketch of the survey, contains numerous details in regard to geology, astronomy, meteorology, etc., and has also an appendix by Professor COPE, relating to his paleontological discoveries in the summer of 1874. Twenty-eight new species of fossil mammals, one of birds, and two of reptiles are described.

The importance of the exercise of suitable care in regard to public fisheries may be appreciated from the fact, now quite well established, that the consumption of fish improperly cured or taken during the exhaustion following the spawning season produces serious evils, these, among others, consisting in part of a modified form of leprosy and elephantiasis, diseases directly traceable to the cause referred to both in Norway and in India.

A new generalization of much importance in reference to ocean physics has lately been derived from the observations of the *Challenger* in the Malay Archipelago during her recent passage from Cape York to Hong-Kong. The seas visited, we are told, consist of a series of sunken lakes or basins, each surrounded and cut off from the neighboring seas by a shallower rim or border. There is a general oceanic circulation down to a depth equal to that of the border, and the temperature gradually decreases from the surface to this level. The entire mass below, however, having no communication with the outer water, and consequently no circulation, remains at nearly the same temperature as that flowing over the floor of the rim; or, in other words, the water coming along the floor of the ocean from the antarctic seas, which is found in all the deep open channels, can not obtain admission through or over the rim.

On this account the bottom temperature depends entirely upon the altitude of the encircling rim. This, in Torres Straits, with a depth of 2450 fathoms, and a rim reaching within 1300 fathoms of the surface, has a body of water below that depth at a steady temperature of 35°. The Sulu Sea, which is 2550 fathoms deep, with a rim reaching within 400 fathoms of the surface, has a temperature to its bottom as high as 50°. The Molucca passage, however, is open to the depth of 1200 fathoms, and the China Sea to that of 1500 fathoms.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday,	7.	—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	14.	—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	21.	—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday,	25.	—Annunciation B. V. M.
Friday,	26.	—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	27.	—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	28.	—Easter-Day.

APRIL.

Sunday,	4.	—First Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	11.	—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	18.	—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	25.	—St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

IT is gratifying to learn that the rumors of the suppression of liberty of conscience and worship by the new government of Spain are wholly unfounded. Herr FLIEDNER, the pastor of a Protestant church in Madrid, informs the Cologne *Gazette* that there is no persecution of Protestants in that city. The two Protestant papers were suspended for a few days only, in order "to avoid any pretext for disturbance." The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* makes the following important statement: "The Protestant church at Cadiz, the opening of which a year ago encountered great opposition from the local authorities, was closed under the idea that the decree of the late government was no longer obligatory, but this step was almost immediately overruled from Madrid, the government appearing disposed to maintain toleration, and to set aside the measures of too zealous officials to the contrary. The Minister of Public Worship, it is reported, said he would resign if liberty of conscience were infringed; but the king replied that he would never re-appoint a minister who had once resigned, and that he was resolved to maintain liberty of worship, as Spain ought not to be in the rear of other nations."

It is also said that the *Epoca*, the chief Alfonsist organ, is a strong advocate of liberty of worship.

The deputation sent by the British Evangelical Alliance to Constantinople has failed to obtain an audience with the Sultan, and has therefore returned without the presentation of the address on the recent persecutions in Syria. An interview was had with the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who said that "the government was not aware of any religious persecution, that the policy of universal toleration was unchanged, and that, though he believed it unnecessary, he would cause fresh instructions to be forwarded to the provincial governors, insisting on their adhering strictly to the principle of equal justice to the whole population, irrespective of creed."

The Rev. Mr. CHINIQNY, while preaching in the church of the Rev. Mr. VERNON (French Protestant) in Montreal, was assaulted by a crowd of riotous Roman Catholics. Missiles were thrown through the windows, one of which, a stone, fell upon the floor of the pulpit; a piece of iron struck one of the hearers in the church. Other disturbers inside the edifice made furious noises. Some of the ladies present sought refuge in the pastor's house next door, which was reached from the church by a private entrance. The congregation, it is said, intend to prosecute the city for damages.

The co-operation between the Southern Presbyterian and the Reformed (Dutch) Churches which was recently agreed upon is already well begun. A Reformed church in Wisconsin has forwarded to the Assembly's Sustentation Committee a contribution in aid of its work among the freedmen.

What to do with the Chinaman in California is a question which the earnest Christians of that State are answering in the most satisfactory manner. On the last Wednesday of January the Rev. OTIS GIBSON held the anniversary of his Chinese school in the Powel Street Methodist Church, San Francisco. Six young men conducted a conversation in good English on American history. A correspondent thus describes the original addresses: "LEE YONG HAY gave an interesting sketch of his life and first impressions of California. CHOW LOKE CHEE treated us to some good thoughts upon the theme, 'The Gospel the hope of China.' CHAN PAK KIN told of some things in this country which have greatly interested him, such as the exclusive use of machinery, the free-school system, the good and just laws (which, he quaintly remarked, he 'should like very much if they were only *executed* according to their true meaning'), and, best of all, the glorious religion of Jesus Christ." Another young man sang a Chinese hymn to a Chinese tune. The tune sounded very strangely in the ears of the "outside barbarians" present, but was a great success. The aptitude and docility of the Chinese in California are enabling them to win their way in spite of the bitterness of prejudice.

On Sunday, January 24, 50,000 inhabitants of the city of Sedlitz, Poland, went over from the Roman Catholic to the Russo-Greek Church. Among them were twenty-six priests. Sedlitz is the metropolis of a bishopric and province of the same name, and contains a population of 300,000. Of these, one-third have been members of the United Greek, or, as it is otherwise called, the Roman Catholic Church of the Oriental rite. This secession is said to be the result of the papal Encyclical of the 13th of May, 1874, which aimed to conform the usages of the United Greek Church to the strict Latin rite. Previous popes have conceded to the United Greeks the privilege of retaining Oriental customs, the chief peculiarities of which were the use of the vernacular in public worship, and the marriage of the clergy. Application having been made to the Emperor for admission to the Russian Church, as the only means of escape from the orders of the Vatican, consent was given. The dissatisfaction of the United Greeks with the papal policy is so general that they will all, it is thought, enter the state Church.

The Shakers of Mount Lebanon, New York, are sufferers from a disastrous fire, which on February 6 destroyed eight buildings, valued at $40,000. A fire-engine was sent to them from Pittsfield, over seven miles' distance. One of the heads of the community announces that they have very little accumulated capital, and are not wealthy, as is commonly supposed.

The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed (Dutch) Church has been fully organized, with Mrs. JONATHAN STURGES as president, and numerous vice-presidents and managers. Women's societies have now become a recognized part of the machinery of missionary work in the leading Protestant denominations of the United States.

The death of Dr. HITZIG, the eminent Biblical scholar, and professor since 1861 in the University of Heidelberg, is announced. The death is also announced of the Rev. Dr. LEAHY, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel.

At the late Diocesan Conference held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, that prelate expressed the opinion that there would not be much ecclesiastical legislation at the present session of the British Parliament. It is not his intention to call together the Convocation of Canterbury till the 13th of April; the Convocation of the province of York will meet after that date. It would be impossible, therefore, for the Houses of Convocation to pass upon the rubrical changes recommended by the Parliamentary commission, in season for legislative action. This announcement appears to give satisfaction to all the Church parties.

Trouble has broken out in Peru between the Bishop of Cuzco and the government. The bishop has attempted to enforce a papal brief without first obtaining the consent of the state. He will be brought to trial.

The petitions for and against "the eastward position" of the clergyman in the celebration of the Lord's Supper have been very numerously signed. That of the Evangelicals (against) bears the names of 5300 clergymen; that of the Church Union (for), the names of 3500. Of the latter many declare that if the practices for which they plead are condemned, a very large secession from the Church of England will be the result.

Presbyterian union in the Dominion of Canada is jeopardized by the indisposition of the Legislature to pass the necessary enabling act. A meeting has been held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, to protest against this course.

The English Liberation Society still carries on a vigorous campaign. A Conference was announced to be held in Birmingham the second week of February. Meetings were also held in Derby, Bristol, Worcester, and other towns during the latter part of January. Mr. BRIGHT's speech in Birmingham to his constituents on Monday, January 25, is freely commented on by the British press. He spoke with the cautious conservatism which is instinctive with the English statesman, and yet exposed unsparingly the evils that flow from the present connection of the Church and the state. He closed his eloquent argument by saying:

"I am not asking you, my constituents, or any party or section of a party, to plunge into a violent agitation for the overthrow of the Established Church of England. I think it would be a great calamity indeed that a great change like that should come by violent hatred and discussion, and that it should be accomplished in a tempest which is almost like the turmoil of a great revolution. I ask you only to consider it, and I appeal to you who may be Non-conformists and may not care about the Church, and I appeal to those who do care about it, who do care, as they say they do, about Protestantism and about religion. It is not for me to lead you or join in any thing like a crusade against the Church. I have offered to you to-night my homely contribution to the discussion of the greatest question of our time. If I am able to form any just judgment upon it, I should say that it will be a great day for freedom in this country, and for Protestantism and Christianity, which shall witness the full enfranchisement of the Church within the realms of England."

A Missionary Conference is announced to be held in Allahabad, India, on the 24th and 25th of February, "to consider what steps should be taken to increase the supply of Ur-du and Hindi literature," and to promote its circulation. The publishing arrangements of the missions were to be passed in revision. Missionaries have also been invited to suggest English publications suitable for translation into the dialects named.

Dr. DE KOVEN has written a letter accepting the office of Bishop of Illinois. Its contents have not yet been communicated to the public.

Further accounts of the school riot in Caraquette, New Brunswick, confirm the first reports, and abundantly show the ignorance and folly of the Roman Catholic population. Gloucester, the county in which Caraquette is situated, contains 15,000 Catholics to 3000 Protestants. The Catholic population have always been bitterly opposed to the free-school law. The magistrates administering it have been threatened, the tax-collectors have been beaten, and all possible efforts have been made to prevent the establishment of schools. In Caraquette, where there are only sixty or seventy Protestants to more than 3000 Catholics, the opposition to the schools has been particularly violent. A year ago a free school was established with a Roman Catholic teacher, and this fact was the occasion of the outbreak.

At the annual school meeting held in January a French mob broke into the room and dispersed the people present. The rioters then went up and down the village, entering the houses of the supporters of the school and breaking their furniture. A hundred or more gathered about the house of the Rev. R. YOUNG, threatening his life, and were only deterred from attacking by the knowledge of the fact that the inmates were armed. On their retiring, dispatches were sent to Bathurst and Chatham for constables to be on hand the next day. On their arrival, the constables quickly captured four men, more being captured the next day. Finally, four of the rioters took refuge in a garret, where they made a barricade with barrels and tubs. Two of the constables forced their way into the garret without receiving harm, a third was shot dead. "For a time," says the account which we follow, "the fight was terrible in that small room, and walls and roof were riddled with shot and bullets. The only thing that prevented every shot taking effect was the impossibility of either party taking aim, after one or two discharges, because of the smoke. After a severe struggle the three surviving Frenchmen were captured and safely ironed." Twenty prisoners in all have been committed to jail. Caraquette has since been guarded by detachments of infantry and artillery.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

1. NEVER try to skate in two directions at once. It always ends in sorrow.
2. Eat a few apples for refreshment's sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice.
3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.
4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady, try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation.
5. Skate over all the small boys at once.
6. If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.
7. If your skates are too slippery, buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.
8. In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden: you might break the ice.
9. When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up.
10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you.
11. After you get so that you can skate tolerably well, skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up.

The man who was "filled with emotion" hadn't room for his dinner.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by pill-age.

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whisky for a younger warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts!" repeated the agent, with surprise; "as much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

GENERAL SIGNS.

To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If a mirror is broken, it is a sign that a good looking-glass will be missed in that house.

If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strike a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and a heavy purr will be the consequence.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage, or if it isn't it ought to be.

To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

A country youth, who desired to know how to become rich, sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement, and received the following valuable recipe: "Increase your receipts and decrease your expenditures. Work eighteen hours a day, and live on hash and oatmeal gruel."

Aunt Hetty inquired of the servant-girl if she came from the Hungarian parts of Ireland. On being told that her geographical knowledge was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying, "I hain't much learnin'; I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evenin', and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come."

A Dutchman and his wife were traveling; they sat down by the road, exceedingly fatigued. The wife sighed, "I wish I was in heaven!" The husband replied, "I wish I was at the tavern!" "Oh, you rogue," says she, "you always want to get to the best place."

"Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another the other day in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to "vacate." "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position?—Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue, and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

PEACEFUL TIMES.—[POEM ON

Poem on Page 198.]

PEACEFUL TIMES.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

FASHION no more bloody weapons,
Armorer; stay your active hand;
Rest now from your murderous labor:
Calm and tranquil is the land.

You shall beat the swords to plowshares,
Into pruning-hooks the spears,
For among the troubled nations
Peace her glorious standard rears.

Stealing over land and ocean
Like a stranger from afar;
Quiet is the wild commotion,
Silenced is the cry of war.

Tumult, strife, and discord ending,
Shrinking back before her glance;
Harmony from heaven descending
As her gentle steps advance.

White-robed, she her watch is keeping,
Olive-branches in her hand,
And the dogs of war are sleeping
Throughout all the weary land.

Now the nation's mourning daughters
Raise no more their bitter wails;
Ships are sailing on the waters,
Commerce spreads their snowy sails.

Doves are flitting round your dwelling,
Armorer; let your labors cease:
Music o'er the land is swelling,
Whispering words of joy and peace.

JANE'S CRYSTAL WEDDING.

MARRIED so many years!—so many years that they were actually entitled to their crystal wedding! Happily married too—very much married, as their neighbors phrased it, applying the term not only to Jane, but to Charles Clifford, her brilliant, versatile, and admired husband.

Jane stood before her mirror on the eventful night. She had studiously considered what costume would fully offset her charms, and at the same time grace the occasion with some sentiment for the sheen and reflex color of a crystal fête. She had chosen a robe of glossy silk, tinted like mother-of-pearl, and bodiced and trained with rose velvet underlined with blue. Her flowers were Cape jasmines and begonias, and her jewels were superb diamonds, her husband's marriage gift.

She was a comely woman, tall and stately: considered as a girl rather pale and slender, but ripened of late years into that luxuriance of contour and bloom which enhances dignity without impairing youth.

The silver clock on the dressing-room shelf struck the half hour past eight. Jane gave her last scrutinizing glance into the mirror. Faultless was the image reflected; but even faultlessness is subject to comparison, and at this moment another image of feminine beauty (Jane recalled the fact superstitiously afterward), a quite different order from hers, crossed her imagination, and dimmed the flattering reflection.

From the dressing-room to the nursery was but a step across the passage, and Jane could not refrain in passing from softly opening its door. The curtains were drawn, the lamps shaded, and, watched by two nurses, were two little muslin-ruffled beds, upon which lay in rosy slumber babies three years old, twins, a boy and a girl; of four darlings born to the house the only ones spared: lovely, delicate creatures, made delicate, the gossips said, by too careful fostering. Jane idolized her children.

The crystal gifts had been arranged in the conservatory—arranged there the more easily as many hundred pots had been removed to decorate the corridors and ball-room. Clustering plants, surrounding with rich foliage and bloom the manifold sparkling objects of glass, made a novel and enchanting vista. Jane, who had seen all her gifts in detail, went now with her husband to survey their congregate effect.

Had seen all her gifts? No. In very conspicuous foreground was a gift she had *not* seen: a Venetian hand-mirror, framed in crystal wreath of honeysuckles, white and gold.

"With love of Alberta Hoffman."

"I forgot to tell you, my dear," said Charles Clifford, who had his arm around his wife's waist, and who, thus closely associated with her, not only gained by contrast in his own high-bred, intellectual, fastidiously moulded presence, but environed, as one might say, her calm, prosaic, "daylight" freshness with an air of abnormal elegance—"I forgot to tell you that Alberta Hoffman arrived yesterday. She hopes to be here to-night."

"Hopes to be here?" repeated Jane.

A moment ago she had been perfectly happy. A cloud descended now upon her joy.

"Why has she come, Charles?" with an involuntary movement away from his embrace, she asked her husband, stiffly.

"I do not know, my darling," Charles Clifford replied, genuinely. "Half an hour since, while you were still in your dressing-room, the gift arrived, and a card. I have it somewhere."

"Never mind," said Jane. She had thoroughly disengaged herself from his caressing arm, and moved toward the drawing-room.

At nine o'clock carriages were rolling up to the doorway. Jane Clifford, at her husband's side, under a pagoda-like canopy of flowers, fringed with little floral bells fifteen in number, was receiving her guests, all smiles, all welcome. Alberta, leaning on the arm of Dr. Hoffman, was the last to arrive: none the less, but (for she had been absent long—six years—in the south of France) all the more welcome.

Alberta Hoffman! She was simply, but costily probably—for she was an "immense heiress"—arrayed in white gauze threaded with gold. Was there ever a woman more winningly gracious, more exquisitely high-toned? Her likeness to Charles Clifford was in certain attitudes striking. Some one had once said to Jane, carelessly, not with any malice of motive, "When two people who are *alike* love each other, their love is the deepest and most lasting of all."

Alberta Hoffman! Why had she come?

The home of Jane Clifford was an estate descending upon her husband, Charles, by a line of ancestry uncommonly long for the New World. Outwardly the place was simple, cultivated somewhat crudely, yet in English style, and spaciously acred. The interior of the house was a picturesque compromise between old fashion and new. Its guests, on this evening especially, when the wax-candle lights were profuse, the music excellent, and the floral decorations elaborate—on this evening especially, when within all was shining, while without all was gloomed by dismal rain—its guests found it charming.

Alberta Hoffman was but one of three hundred guests, but there was hardly a movement of hers that night that the heart of the hostess did not follow. Jane's married life had known but one shadow and one thorn. The shadow was that of this exquisite woman; the thorn was a certain stubbornness of fate that refused her the satisfaction of any accurate knowledge concerning her husband's past relations with this exclusive and much-courted heiress. Past relations she knew there had been—a broken engagement, it was rumored.

Whenever Jane spoke of Alberta an indescribably tantalizing air of distance settled upon her husband's face, and changed the very tone of his voice. She once ventured to ask, "Charles, pray tell me, did you not once, almost seriously, dear, think of Alberta as your wife?"

And Charles had evaded the question. He kissed his wife's forehead, and said, "There is but one woman, Jeannie, whom I have seriously thought of as *my wife*."

The evening of the crystal fête passed brilliantly. At twelve, when the younger people commenced the German, and the elderly people had gathered into groups and corners, Jane suddenly missed her husband. Simultaneously she missed Alberta. Carefully concealing any intent of search, she lost no time in exploring all the rooms opened for entertainment. Charles Clifford and Miss Hoffman had vanished, nor did they re-appear amidst the company. Pride kept Jane from making inquiries. Somehow she did not expect them to re-appear. A dull, miserable foreboding filled her heart.

How she kept up gayly and affably through those last long half hours, overseeing that "all went merrily," and how she received flatteringly and serenely the adieux of her guests, was a wonder to her afterward.

At last they had all gone. The roar of wheels died off among the rolling hills stretching townward. The servants hastened to extinguish the lights. Silence and darkness soon reigned through the house.

The hall lamp alone was burning, and burning low, when Jane Clifford, still in her fête costume, with only a cloak snatched from its closet and hastily flung around her, glided down the stairway from her chamber, passed through the wide, strangely echoing hall, unfastened the barred door opening upon the piazza, and went out into the night.

It was late April, within two days, indeed, of merry May, and there had been glimpses of spring-tide deliciousness. The turf had shone green like emerald, the trees had budded, snowdrops and hyacinths and purple pansies had bloomed in the garden beds. But the chill storm of the crystal fête day had seemed to put back every thing. March-like the day had been.

Now, long past midnight, the rain had ceased, the wind lulled; the waned half-moon was breaking through the clouds. There was no sound but an occasional dropping of water from the boughs and eaves.

Adjoining the Cliffords' house was Dr. Hoffman's country place. By the road its gates were half a mile distant, but a nearer way had been worn into a foot-path across the lawn and through a narrow belt of wood. This path Jane Clifford now followed, gliding along quickly in excitement, and clasping her rich skirts closely around her as the way narrowed upon her with its dripping shrubs.

The watch-dogs must have recognized her as a familiar visitor, for after the first low growl they held their peace. Jane, with the directness of one absorbing intention, was about to ring the door bell, when a light in the library, shining through a partially uncurtained window, attracted her attention. She went to the end of the balcony, where she could look in unperceived.

There were two persons in the library, Alberta and Charles Clifford. Their attitudes formed a scene exactly resembling that which an artist would have chosen to illustrate the final parting of two hopelessly separated lovers. Charles, seated at the table, leaning his head upon his clinched hands, was the picture of a man inwardly protesting against an inevitable grief. Alberta, her form still glistening in the white and gold ball dress, was pale and calm, and while she spoke to the wretched man her eyes were lifted upward with an angelic expression of renunciation. It was as if she said to the beloved of her heart, "You must leave me forever." It was as if he said, "I can not, but I must."

There are certain natures so accustomed to passionate experiences that they take up these experiences scientifically. They measure capabilities and economize forces—so much fire to the volcano, and no more; thus far to the deluge, and no farther. Jane Clifford was not one of these. When the calm tenor of her way was broken by a storm, that storm encountered no pre-admonished bulwark raised against ravishment. When her babies died, she had been for many months wholly inconsolable. Now, when a tempest of jealousy swept over her, her kindly, placid nature yielded, and was crushed down like a golden wheat field flung prostrate by a hurricane of midsummer.

She had but one thought in her soul. She gave herself to that one thought's impulse.

She hastened home and aroused at once her confidential servants. She had received woful tidings from her mother's brother, her only near relative, who resided in a city fifty miles distant. A journey must be made immediately. The children must be made ready to accompany her. She ordered the carriage to be in waiting within an hour's time.

While her maid prepared her traveling dress she wrote the following letter to her husband. She was going, and she was in a fever of anxiety lest he should return before she had gone.

"CHARLES CLIFFORD,—I hardly know whether you have been brutally cruel or cruelly kind in hiding from me all these years your love for another.

"You know I had questioned you about her; my painful curiosity had been sometimes aroused—my painful *suspicions* never. Never until to-night. Your conscience will be your judge whether you have been justified in hiding from me the fact that a woman existed whose presence could make you forget all other ties.

"Never till to-night. A kinder night might, I think, have been chosen upon which to deal this blow. I consider it unpardonable that you should have left me with my guests, your absence unexplained. What they thought I know not.

"But your secret I know.

"I am taking my babies with me. We shall be in time for the early train at W—— for A——. I shall go to Uncle Henry for the present. He is the only natural protector I have in this world.

"I leave all but my children behind me. My diamonds you will find in the —— drawer. The bracelet, I perceive, is missing. You may find it, perhaps, accidentally dropped somewhere along the wood path to Dr. Hoffman's, for *there* I have been to-night.

"I saw you together in the library.

"This house is no longer home to me, and I hasten to leave it forever. JANE."

The longest hour that from the beginning of her life to the end ever dragged across an impatient will of Jane Clifford ended at last. Every thing was ready for departure. The carriage was at the door. Jane, awaiting her children, had already entered it, and was chafing at the delay of the maids.

A step bounded along the entrance-way and hurried across the piazza. Charles Clifford stood at the carriage door. Jane, fatigued to her soul by over-effort—just about falling from the climax of excitement into the vague apathy that breaks the intensity of overstrained emotion—fainted at his approach. He took her in his arms and carried her into the house and up stairs. Her consciousness was lost in a deadly swoon. He had the presence of mind to order his household to rest without betraying his utter ignorance of the cause of their disturbance. Jane, reviving, lay quietly upon the couch where her husband had placed her, but her face was pale as the dead.

Charles had found the note she had written. He had dismissed the maid, saying that she would not be needed until late morning.

Then he came to his wife's side, in his own gentle, compassionate manner—the manner he had used to her when their children were laid low, when he conquered his grief to comfort hers—the manner that had made her once think she more than loved her husband, she *adored* him.

"Jeannie, my darling, it happens providentially to-night that I am at liberty at last to tell you a sad story. It is a story that will make you forget your own misery in sorrowing for another. Not sorrowing for *me*," he added, for she had raised her eyes to him full of anguish and reproach. "Rest quietly; be calm; let me hold your hand. No? For your own sake, Jane, do not refuse to listen."

She turned her face away from him, shading her eyes with her hand, and listened.

"Thirty years ago," he said, "two children were born in this house, twins like our own darlings, a boy and a girl. The boy died immediately; the girl lives. The mother's life hung on a thread. Dr. Hoffman was with her; his wife too, her devoted friend from childhood, was at her bedside—indeed, that bedside they had hardly left for a month. A sore calamity had fallen that month upon the house. The babes were fatherless when they were born. The widow, the mother already of a son six years old, knew that at her death the boy and his sister would be under care of merely legal guardians. She had no near relation, no natural protector—none so near even as you have, my poor Jane, in the world. Dr. Hoffman was childless. His wife, inspired by the overwhelming longing that childless women have, begged the dying woman to give her the little girl.

"The gift was made; the girl became the child of Dr. Hoffman, known then as such, for all necessary precautions of secrecy were taken, and so known to this day.

"The mother who had felt herself dying, and for whom her physician had relinquished hope, by some miracle lived. But the gift was not recalled, and its secret was made inviolable. The boy was excluded from the knowledge that a sister had been born to him. Not until sixteen years had passed did he know that the world held for him a sister in his own true right.

"Alberta Hoffman was my constant companion. We plighted our childish troth. While she was yet a school-girl she had given me her heart. But I confess to you, my wife, and I make the confession in honor of the tender sympathy without desire that by nature belongs to the kindred of blood, that my love for her was the offspring of her sweet and entire devotion, rather, as I was even then aware, than the passionate conviction of my own deep choice.

"My mother discovered our hidden engagement, and, in horror and with contrition, confided to me then the secret, the unrighteous secret, so long withheld. She besought me to use all my art to break my engagement without allowing Alberta to imagine the cause, or allowing the good doctor and his wife to suspect that any sentiment had existed between us beyond the fond friendship of childhood.

"The task was difficult and painful in the extreme. Alberta's affections are singularly concentrative, and fidelity is the ruling quality of her soul. What she suffered no one—no one but the pitying angels—will ever know. For me the trial was, in one sense, lighter. I had never fully lost myself in her. I had seen *you*. I was becoming entangled in a fascination that has no resemblance to a brother's and sister's love.

"Alberta had the misery to believe herself betrayed by one whom she had trusted as the life of her life. The very tenderness engendered by my knowledge of our relationship, and an affection which I found impossible to hide, made my conduct seem of more inexplicable deceit. When my engagement of marriage was announced, she received a shock from which she has been long in recovering. I am not sure that for years she had forgiven me. Poor Alberta! noblest, sweetest being! I have been her evil genius, the despoiler of the happiness of her youth. If she had been 'of the world,' she might long ago have forgotten me; but her education, her life, have been in so many respects isolated.

"Mrs. Hoffman, years after I was married, learned, by discovered letters, I believe, the story of Alberta's unhappy love. She wished then to reveal to her adopted child the explanation of her wrongs, but Dr. Hoffman would not consent. All that could be obtained from him was a promise, made to his wife upon her death-bed, that when he felt his own end approaching he would himself relate to Alberta the history of her parentage, and that papers to that effect should be signed and sealed, to be delivered to her in case of his sudden death.

"To-night, in the midst of our fête, the doctor was seized with symptoms of the same illness from whose first attack he so narrowly escaped with life last year. He went home early, without disturbing Alberta, and leaving with me his excuse to you. Near midnight a messenger came demanding our presence, my sister's and mine, at the doctor's bedside.

"You can imagine the revelation that he made, and its effect upon Alberta.

"The doctor lies in some danger. Physicians, however, from town had been some time with him when I left, and no immediate change is apprehended.

"But Alberta—you must go to her, my darling, to-morrow. You must give her all the love that happy women give to those of their sex who suffer. For you *are* happy."

He turned toward her, his full face lighted with all that lifelong, deep-rooted, and unsullied devotion which a few men are capable of bestowing upon a woman.

"You are happy. Do you know it?" She knew it. She flung her arms around her husband's neck. She thrilled him with her unwonted intensity; but she clung to him speechless; she could find no words to express her mingled penitence and rapture.

By one of those feminine transitions which make it forever impossible for a man to know what a woman will do next, Jane aroused herself from embrace to exclaim, without a sentence of sentiment, or sympathy, or comment on his story,

"If I do not find my bracelet—if I do not find it myself, or if you do not find it, Charles—*I shall die.*"

In this way it happened that Charles Clifford and his wife took a walk across the lawn and into the wood that morning at a most unusual hour. They found the bracelet, partly crushed into the wet soil, perhaps by the foot of the giver. They found it in the wood.

Dawn was breaking as they made their search. When they returned to the house, whose inmates were still wrapped in sleep, the red lines were widening in the east. A spring morning—the turf like emerald, trees budding, flowers opening in the garden, birds at their song. The storm had left behind it perfume, melody, and bloom.

They entered the house, and wandered arm in arm through the rooms just whitening with dawn and redolent of the pensive breath of dying exotic wreaths. They paused, by accident, under the floral canopy made for their "once in a lifetime" fête.

Jane's face all along the homeward walk had been radiant, but now her expression changed. Her cheeks paled, her eyes filled with tears. She answered her husband's inquiring look.

"I am thinking of Alberta," she said. "I am happy; her life is wrecked."

And those tears? Charles Clifford recollected, perhaps, the poet's line,

"The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain."

He bent down and touched with his lips his wife's wet cheek.

"My crystal wedding," he said.

Alberta's life was not wrecked. There is "a divinity that shapes" into kindness all cruel fates. Nor was she by any thing that had happened influenced to alter her plans; she but lingered to fulfill them until after Dr. Hoffman's death. Then, having settled upon the twin children of Charles one-half her fortune, she went abroad.

She entered the Sisterhood of K——. And of all the sweet faces that shine there to-day, the sweetest in its compassionate lovingness is hers.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

In these curious and delightful volumes we have the independent and faithful impressions of an impartial judge of society, politics, men, and manners, portrayed from life as vividly in words as ever the artist Leech pictured his London society. In Mr. Greville's journal there is no room for respect of persons: he is impartial to all. Royalty is but one of the actors he criticises, and it seems he had most delight in leaving the broad and distinct mark of his graphic quill against that exalted body. His opinion of the Duke of York, who "held as bad an opinion of his brother as any man could do," is comparatively mild. He evidently liked the duke and his wife, yet the praises are so mixed with a candid acknowledgment of his faults that one marvels how he, a man of delicacy and refinement, could have endured the society in which the duke rejoiced, for he says he was "very easily amused, particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy;" and that the men with whom he lived were "*très polissons*," and "*la polissonnerie*" was "the *ton* of his society." One of the odd fashions by which his duchess used to tyrannize over him was to claim that all the carriage-horses on the establishment were her property, and could only be used at her pleasure. The household at Oatlands was conducted in a manner scarcely befitting republican notions of royalty. On one of his visits there Mr. Greville found assembled a numerous party, which had to be prematurely broken up for want of funds to meet current expenses. Indeed, the pecuniary distress of this royal couple seems to have been almost incredible. They could get no water in the house, because the pipes in which it was conveyed from St. George's Hill were stopped up with sand, and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clear them out.

William, the "sailor king," though at his accession to the throne he had reached mature life, was so excited by the exaltation that he nearly went mad, and "distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly after sobered down into more becoming habits, he always contrived to be something of a blackguard and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory, at the same time, to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honorable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet, part." In the robing-room, when he first went to meet Parliament, he said to Lord Hastings, "I wear the crown; where is it?" He ought not, properly, to have worn the crown, never having been crowned; but it was brought him, and when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head, he said, "Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then turned to Lord Grey and said, "Now, my lord, the coronation is over." The scene in the House must have been very ludicrous, as the king sat upon the throne with the crown setting loosely upon his head, and the tall, grim figure of Earl Grey close beside him with the sword of state in his hand. It looked as if another English king had got his executioner by his side.

In his time George IV. was characterized as the first gentleman in the land; but, according to these two following narratives, William must be marked more for rudeness and ungentlemanly conduct. He had taken a "great dislike to the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria, and on more than one occasion gave her what he called 'a bit of his mind.' Once at a banquet at Windsor he gave way to his temper in the most outrageous manner. Queen Adelaide looked in deep distress, and the whole company were aghast. The Duchess of Kent herself replied not a word. It was an unparalleled outrage from a man to a woman, from a host to his guest, and to the last degree unbecoming the station they both filled." Again, when King Leopold of Belgium, dining with him at Windsor, called for water, he said, "What's that you are drinking?" "Water, Sir." "God damn it," rejoined the royal William, "why don't you drink wine? I never allow any body to drink water at my table.'"

Brougham was a genius of high order, having eloquence and a vast extent of varied information, coupled with a charming manner in society; yet his life was a failure, for when he left the woolsack in 1834, comparatively a young man, his career was ended, and though living for many years after, was excluded from official life and employment. The following are some of Mr. Greville's more savory expressions launched on his unhappy and unfavored head: "He is base, cowardly, and unprincipled." "It is quite ludicrous to talk to any lawyer about the Chancellor: the ridicule and aversion he has excited are universal. They think he has degraded the profession, and his tricks are so palpable, numerous, and mean that political partiality can neither screen nor defend them." "In short, he was at his tricks again, lying, shuffling, false, and then insolent, and all for no discernible end." "He reminds one of the man in *Jonathan Wild* who was a rogue by force of habit, who could not keep his hand out of his neighbor's pocket though he knew there was nothing in it, nor help cheating at cards though he was aware he should not be paid if he won."

An amusing anecdote is told of Brougham's undeniably amazing versatility. At Trueman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s he, with other ministers, "dined in the brew-house and visited the whole establishment. Lord Grey was there in star, garter, and ribbon. There were people ready to show and explain every thing, but not a bit of it. Brougham took the explanation of every thing into his own hands—the mode of brewing, the machinery, down to the feeding of the cart-horses. After dinner the account-books were brought, and the young Buxtons were beckoned up to the top of the table by their father to hear the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of my Lord Chancellor. He affected to study the ledger, and made various pertinent remarks on the manner of book-keeping."

He had been staying at a country-house with Rogers, who said, on the morning of his departure, after he had gone: "This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more went away in one post-chaise." Yet, after all this, Greville candidly confesses his admiration for the fallen great one: "Brougham is all life and spirit and gayety, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe;' dashing through every description of folly and fun; dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and admiration are arrested and excited; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious; elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervor and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease."

The Iron Duke was one of the chief friends of Mr. Greville, but against him too and his foibles he writes many hard things, irrespective of any man's opinion; for he is an independent gentleman, not dazzled by greatness. Wellington seems at one time to have been a strong anti-Catholic, for he took great umbrage at what he considered an unwarrantable breach of official decorum when Mr. George Villiers, afterward Earl of Clarendon, had, while Irish Commissioner of Customs, cultivated the society of Richard Lalor Shiel and invited him to dinner. Attention from an English official at that time to an Irish Catholic was an unheard-of innovation. Shiel told his host he had never dined in a Protestant house before. Having unbounded influence over King George IV., Wellington addressed him in a style which no other minister dared to adopt. He treated with him as with an equal, for the king stood completely in awe of him. This influence was not founded on any respect the duke had for the king, for when told that some bill about Queen Caroline ought not to pass the House of Lords on account of the disgrace it would entail upon the king by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. the duke replied that "the king was degraded as low as he could be already."

Another circumstance shows the hardness of the duke. He rarely visited his mother—only two or three times in years; and when Lady Anne was in sad affliction for the death of her only son, he never called to see her, though he passed her house every time he went to Strathsfieldsaye.

Thackeray used to say that "George IV. in private claimed to have been present and commanding at the battle of Waterloo," and being highly pleased about the duke's duel with the Earl of Winchelsea, some one said, "He would be wanting to fight a duel himself," upon which Sefton said, "He would be sure to think he has fought one."

Poets, whether drunk or sober, largely contribute to Mr. Greville's memoranda. Southey tells the tale of the rich miser who, asked by a man in distress for £200 to clear his debt, gave him a draft for the money, and "Now," says he, "what will you do with this?" "Go to the bankers and get it cashed." "Stop," said he; "I will cash it." So he gave him the money, but first calculated and deducted the discount, thus at once exercising his benevolence and his avarice.

Moore, the Irish bard, tells of some Irish who had emigrated to a West India colony, where the negroes soon learned their brogue, and when another ship-load of Irish came, soon after, the negroes as they sailed into the harbor cried out, "Ah, Paddy! how are ye?" "Oh, jabers!" said one of them, "what! ye've become black already?" Hear one more of this versatile poet's endless "yarns." "An Irishman from the pit saw his friend acting Othello on the stage, and called out, 'Larry! Larry! Larry! there's the least taste in life of your linen hanging out.'"

Gossip is not beyond the sphere of the severe journalist, nor is he impervious to others' love, and thus he pleasantly narrates the curious story of Sir Thomas Lawrence's engagement to the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons. Of these "two sisters one was tall and very handsome, the other little, without remarkable beauty, but very clever and agreeable. He fell in love with the first, and they were engaged to be married. Of course, under such circumstances, he lived constantly and freely in the house, and after some time the superior intelligence of the clever sister changed the current of his passion, and she supplanted the handsome one in the affection of the artist. They concealed the double treachery, but one day a note which was intended for his new love fell into the hands of the old love, who, never doubting it was for herself, opened it and discovered the fatal truth. From that time she drooped, sickened, and shortly after died. On her death-bed she exacted a promise from her sister that she would never marry Lawrence, who firmly adhered to it. He continued his relations with her, with more or less intimacy, up to the period of her death, the date of which I do not recollect."

Through these daily, uncanceled, and invaluable memoranda of Mr. Greville, England is seen rising above the troubles of men and cabinets and marching forward, unscathed, through the great political revolutions to happier and safer times. The author writes with no party spirit; indeed, he took little interest in politics, except on grand occasions. He treats Whig and Tory with equal disinterest, for in his candor he feared not even "so great and dangerous a potentate as the wielder of the thunders of the press." He shows the steady and overwhelming march of Liberalism overpowering and treading down the now extinct Toryism. He envied not the life of a politician, yet thus truthfully sympathizes with him in his "life of deep mortification; for the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and few things can be more galling than to see men far inferior to ourselves enabled by fortune or circumstances to attain what we tried after in vain, and to learn from our own experience how many things there are in this life of greater practical utility than splendid abilities and unwearied industry."

Nations as well as individuals must share the bitterness of Mr. Greville's soul. According to English custom—happily dying though not yet dead—he delights to have an opportunity of scoffing and sneering at Americans. In one of his most mild forms he describes Maclane, the American minister, as "a sensible man with very good American manners, which are not refined." This coincides with the idea that Washington, Pater Patriæ, was a vulgar, ill-mannered, and uneducated man, and his "*granddaughter* was a mincing, rather pretty, pink and white woman."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The trial trip through the Hoosac Tunnel took place on the afternoon of February 9. It was as unromantic as possible, except that the weather was so intensely cold the one hundred passengers needed to be well wrapped in furs to avoid being frost-bitten. The train consisted of the locomotive, three platform cars, and a box freight-car. The dark journey through the tunnel was accomplished in thirty-four minutes. The track is of steel, and is at present merely propped up with rocks. But it is announced that the tunnel will be ready for the passage of freight trains early in March.

Lemon juice used as a gargle is said by a French physician to be a specific against diphtheria and similar throat troubles, which he has successfully used for eighteen years.

The following "Petition of a Horse to his Driver" we quote in aid of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:"

"Going up hill, whip me not; coming down hill, hurry me not; loose in the stable, forget me not; of hay and corn rob me not; of clean water stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft dry bed deprive me not; tired or hot, wash me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not."

Light-house keepers are sometimes brought to severe straits. Not long ago the United States revenue steamer *Gallatin* put into Plymouth Harbor, on the coast of Massachusetts, to avoid a gale. The next morning the captain discovered a signal of distress flying on Duxbury Pier Light. The light-house was so surrounded by ice that it was impossible to reach the pier with a boat; but by great effort the vessel was forced through the ice near enough to learn from the keeper that he had had no communication with the world since December 22, 1874; that his fuel and water were out, and that they had been on an allowance of a pint of water a day since February 6, 1875. After two hours' hard work the pier was reached, and a supply of fuel and water furnished to the sufferers.

Cold weather, it has been commonly believed, has an invigorating effect upon the system, and, according to this theory, it would seem that the present winter should be unusually healthy. The contrary appears to be the fact, however. Colds, diphtheria, and pneumonia have prevailed extensively. Such a "long spell" of cold weather as we have had this winter seems to be too great a strain upon the people of this generation, however well it might have agreed with our grandfathers and grandmothers. Perhaps we are a degenerate race, but milder winters seem to agree with us better than such severe ones as this is.

From Michigan comes the report that the cold weather has destroyed all the fruit crops; "at least," they say, "all the peach buds are certainly killed."

Before daylight on the 10th of January the volcano Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, made a brilliant pyrotechnic display. The action began in the summit crater of Mokuaweoweo, which had been closed for about eight weeks. The new opening of the volcano will probably prove as a safety-valve, and so long as it lasts there will not be likely to be any more severe shocks of earthquakes, which latterly have been increasing in frequency and strength. In a letter from Hilo, dated January 11, the writer says:

"I think we have never seen the light more vivid or the action grander in that crater. The heavens are aglow at night, and a grand pillar of cumulus clouds coronates the mountain by day. If any one wishes to visit banks of snow and molten lakes of fire at one time, now is his opportunity."

The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, California, which have yet been found reach only 450 feet, the average height being from 300 to 400 feet. Recent explorations show that the great Australian trees exceed in height, though not in circumference, the giants of California. A fallen tree in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, was measured not long since, and found to be 420 feet long; another, on the Black Spur, ten miles from Healesville, measured 480 feet.

The month of January was colder in New Hampshire than the average temperature in that month for the past nineteen years.

The young King of Siam has announced his purpose to eradicate, in time, the institution of slavery from his dominion. He has decreed that children born of slave parents subsequent to April 12, 1868, shall become free on attaining their twenty-first year. The owners will receive compensation in each instance.

And now the English propose to move street carriages by clock-work. It is said that all practical difficulties have been removed. The carriages, of course, must labor under the very slightest possible amount of friction—that is to say, must go on rails. Also they should be as light as possible, and cars of two tons are spoken of; but the inventors claim a power to move a car of five tons, requiring a force of 720 pounds on the periphery of the spring barrel. Sheffield springs having force of 900 pounds have been made. The springs are to be wound up at intervals by stationary steam-engines.

North Carolina possesses a judge who believes every thing must be done after the regular established forms. One day a soldier who had been battered considerably in the war was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"Can't do it, Sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, Sir."

"Then hold up your left."

"Got a shot in that arm too, Sir."

"Then," said the judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, Sir, in this court by law without he holds up something."

Russian railways are rapidly increasing, and, as a necessary consequence, general traffic is increasing throughout the empire. Twelve thousand miles of railways are in working order, and three thousand more are in course of construction. These roads are well patronized.

At the fourteenth annual meeting of the Foochow Methodist Mission it was decided to publish a newspaper to be named *Zion's Herald*, which in Chinese will be *Sung Sang Seil Chia.*

Victor Emanuel received as a New-Year's gift a portrait of the Emperor William of Germany, accompanied by an autograph letter. William had promised to pay a visit to Victor Emanuel last fall, but, for some reason, abandoned the project. He is now seventy-eight years old, and the journey to Rome might be fatiguing at his time of life.

The old "red cent," which has now passed out of use, and almost out of sight, first made its appearance from the Mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. Later the head of the Goddess of Liberty took the place of Washington, and an olive wreath was substituted for the chain. Then came the classic Grecian head, which was scarcely altered during the life of the old "red cent."

There are some men remaining who are honest to the core, as the following incident proves: About twenty-five years ago a Massachusetts trader bought of a large mercantile house in Boston 200 dozen woolen hose. The trader failed, and the debt was considered lost. A short time ago, however, the creditor unexpectedly received about $1300 in gold to liquidate the old-time debt.

Important discovery in regard to wasps. Being desirous to advance the interests of science, a Scotch clergyman picked up a frozen wasp, carried it into the house, and held it by the tail while he warmed its head over the lamp chimney. His object was to see if wasps freeze to death or merely lie dormant during the winter. He is of opinion that they merely lie dormant, and that when they revive, the tail thaws first, for while this one's head, right over the lamp, was so stiff and cold it could not wink, its sting worked with inconceivable rapidity. The wasp went down the lamp chimney—by accident.

In the New England States a drought is prevailing such as has seldom been experienced in the winter. In Boston the water in Lake Cochituate is lower than it has ever been known before. Farmers in many towns in Southern New Hampshire are obliged to melt snow to provide water for their cattle, and several mills have stopped from an insufficient supply. In Maine wells are dry, and great inconvenience results.

The Shah's visit to Europe has resulted in the introduction of various improvements into Persia. Many changes in the external appearance of the upper and middle classes have taken place. European fashions in dress have been adopted to some extent, and some household conveniences. Also, missionaries enjoy much greater liberty than formerly. Nevertheless, the Shah has plenty of room for further improvement among his people.

Michael Angelo's idea of placing twelve statues around the cupola of St. Peter's Cathedral has been taken up by the Pope. Twelve sculptors are each to be charged with the execution of a statue. But they are not to be chosen by public competition, nor will any artist be eligible for the work who was not domiciled in Rome prior to 1870, or who has manifested any opposition to the Romish Church.

We may have read the story often, yet it always seems new—that of the celebrated ice palace of St. Petersburg. It was in the severe winter of 1740 that, in order to give occupation to thousands of unemployed persons, the Empress Anne caused an ice palace to be constructed, according to the designs of the architect, Alexis Danilowitsch. It was made of pure masses of ice cut from the frozen Neva, and brought by cranes and pulleys to the building site. The single blocks were ornamented in an accurate and elaborate manner, and then, when two were completed, water was poured between them, which, freezing, immediately united them into a single mass. The palace was forty-six feet long, eighteen broad, and twenty-one high. The front was divided by pillars into compartments, in each of which was a window, the frame-work being painted green, and the panes of transparent ice, smooth as ground glass. The central division had the appearance of being an entrance; but the real entrances were at the back of the building—two openings, about which were grouped icy trees and flowers, gayly painted to resemble nature. Around the house was an elaborate railing of ice, and in front of the inclosure stood six ice guns. There lay on each side a dolphin, which threw up jets of naphtha at night, forming two beautiful fountains of fire. Numerous other devices were about the palace, among which was a life-size elephant with a man upon his back—all of ice. The interior was divided into various apartments. In the dining-room was a clock of wonderful workmanship, sofas, arm-chairs, and in the cupboards against the walls might be seen knives, forks, spoons, cups, plates, as well as various kinds of food—all, all of ice. In the bedroom were mirrors, candlesticks, and candles dipped in naphtha, which shone at night. The bedstead was richly furnished with pillows, blankets, and a beautifully embroidered coverlet, and these were the only articles in the palace not made of ice. In the grate were ice coals, dipped in naphtha, which shone brightly at night. This wonderful and costly work of art remained intact from the beginning of January until the middle of March, when the mild spring sun slowly but surely ruined its beauty.

THE TWINS.—"George Washington am mostest like his Fader dan Andrew Jackson am. But dey is bofe Angels."

WILD-DUCK SHOOTING ON LOUGH CORRIB, IRELAND.

WILD-DUCK SHOOTING.

THE scene of the sport depicted in the illustration on this page is one of the wild and picturesque lakes for which Ireland is celebrated. In a small canoe, propelled with one scull by the lad sitting astern, advantage is taken of an insulated rock to approach the expected birds in stealthy silence behind that massive screen to within a possible shooting range, when the double-barreled gun will be aimed at the coming flight of wild fowl, and it is hoped that a few of them will be brought down. It is early in the morning, as they return from their nocturnal feeding haunts on the moors and marshes, that wild-ducks are to be met and to be welcomed in this manner, where they are accustomed to pass the day, in the middle of a large sheet of inland water or an estuary of the sea. Thousands may be seen, on a winter day, huddled together in large flocks on the open shallows of the coast; but they likewise find a place of fancied safety on the wide expanse of a lake or overflowing river, or in a labyrinth of creeks with miles of intervening mud. Here it is that the light punt or sculling-boat is made use of to creep near the spot where the birds are likely to alight; and the patient sportsman is often rewarded for his toil by getting a fair shot at them before they touch the water, or immediately afterward, if he so pleases.

THE BERLIN BOURSE CLUB.

THE "Berliner Club" is called also the "Millionaire Club," but as a relative rather than an absolute characterization. It is specially patronized by rich men of business. The great bankers meet there at the close of the day's exchange. Here they find the evening papers, and spend an hour in their racy and sprightly columns. The Bourse schedules, not only of Berlin, but also of Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and other commercial centres, the papers published in the special interest of stock operations, the dispatches of the three or four press agencies which carry on a sharp strife of inefficiency, are all kept on file. The Berliner Club, moreover, has a cuisine. In this respect also it enjoys among its rivals the glory of pre-eminence; and this alone would account for the bankers, who like a fair table in Berlin, as elsewhere. They

do not dine, but sup here. Forming in sympathetic groups at the great tables, they drink much Champagne, eat liberally of sallow roast goose or veal cutlets fried flat in crumbs, and are more enthusiastic, perhaps, than decorous. Here they fight over again the battles of the day. With a wild profusion of technical terms, a masterly manipulation of knife and fork for emphasis, and now and then a clever arrangement of bread-crumbs by way of elucidation, they show how battles are won, and with them fortunes, at the handsome structure in the Burgh Strasse. But Berlin bankers may be recognized without the aid of such picturesque surroundings. The religious test is a sure one, and it would seem that it might be retained in this case without any of the injustice from which it is often held to be inseparable. This may be illustrated by an anecdote. When Prince Bismarck—he was then only a count—began the peace negotiation at Versailles, he called to his aid in the indemnity matter a great Berlin banker, a prince of finance. The discussion proceeded. Bismarck demanded five milliards of francs as an indemnity. "Mon Dieu!" cried Jules Favre, throwing up his hands in despair; "impossible. Such a sum could not be counted if we had begun at the Christian era." "Quite true," replied Bismarck, blandly: "I took account of the difficulty, and brought with me a gentleman"—pointing to the banker—"who dates himself from the creation of the world."

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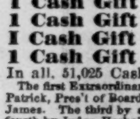

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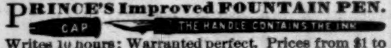

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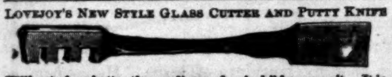

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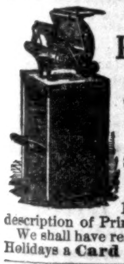

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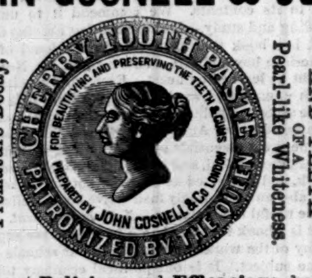

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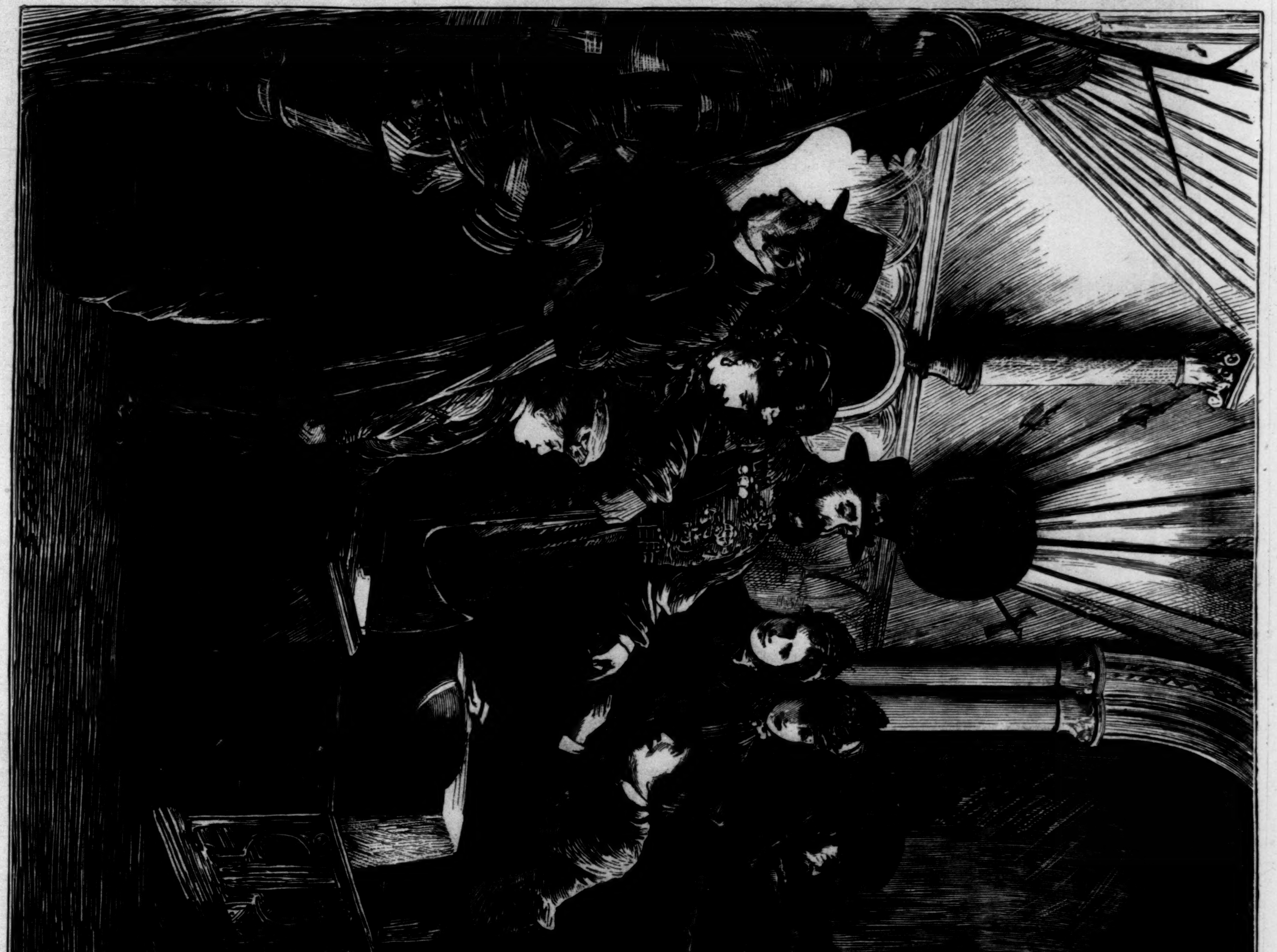
THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This celebrated citadel, by far the most interesting of the old historical buildings in London, is of such ancient origin that no record of its actual founder exists. A vague and unsupported tradition points to the Emperor Julius Cæsar as having established a fortress on the site now occupied by the Tower. It is a vast and irregular mass of buildings, all dating from different reigns. Down to the time of James I. the royal palace within the Tower was the occasional residence of the English sovereigns; that monarch was the last by whom it was so occupied. The oldest part of the citadel is the White Tower, which was constructed by William the Conqueror. Externally remodeled by Wren, the interior remains almost unchanged. This was the donjon or keep of the ancient fortress, and is celebrated as the scene of some of the darkest tragedies in the long and blood-stained history of the Tower. The under-ground part of this keep was used for the confinement of such prisoners as were to be deprived of all indulgence, and contained dungeons of the most gloomy description. These have been mostly cleared away and removed in making room for the extensive stores of iron bedsteads and other barrack furniture which used to be accumulated here by the store dépôt; but at the southeast angle of these vaults there still exists a dark cell, closed by a heavy door, with no aperture for the admission of either light or air, and known by the ominous name of "Little Ease." In this cell Guy Fawkes was confined, previous to his examination and torture, which took place in the Governor's house, in presence of the Lords of the Council.

One of the turrets on the corners of the roof of the White Tower is supposed to have been the scene of the imprisonment and murder of the unfortunate Matilda Fitz-Walter, called Matilda the Fair, from her remarkable beauty. "About the year 1215," saith the Book of Dunmow, "there arose a great discord between King John and his barons, because of Matilda, surnamed the Fair, daughter of Robert, Lord Fitz-Walter, whom the King loved, but could not obtain her, nor her father's consent. Whereupon the King banished the said Fitz-Walter, the most valiant Knight in England, and caused his Castle in London, called 'Baynard's,' and all his other dwellings, to be spoiled; which being done, he sent to Matilda about his old suit in love, and because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned an egg, and bade her keepers, when she was hungry, boil it, and give her to eat. She did so, and died."



THE TOWER OF LONDON—HOLIDAY VISITORS.

The White Tower, like other parts of the Tower of London, has been subjected to much modern disfigurement. Even the eminent Sir Christopher Wren so entirely lost sight of architectural propriety in his restoration and repair of the ancient structure that he faced the windows with

THE TOWER OF LONDO

stone in the Italian style, and so disfigured the venerable building that, until the stranger has entered within its massive walls, and observed their huge thickness and other evidence of its antiquity, he might suppose the White Tower to date no farther back than the time of Queen ANNE or GEORGE I.

The Beauchamp Tower, another ancient structure within the fortress, was also used from the earliest times as a state prison for rigorous confinement. There are three stories in this tower, but the middle one, with a small dungeon beyond, was the prison. Its walls tell a truly dismal tale, covered as they are with the sad memorials of the names of successive prisoners of all ranks, engraved in many instances with an elaborate care which bears witness to the dreary weight of time which hung upon their hands, and rendered the inscribing of their names a melancholy resource under the privation of all other interests and occupation. In this tower ANNE BOLEYN and Lady JANE GREY were imprisoned.

A large hall in the Wakefield Tower, another ancient part of the structure, is traditionally pointed out as the scene of HENRY VI.'s murder. After the total defeat of the Lancastrians at Tewkesbury in 1471, and the murder of the young Prince of Wales in presence of EDWARD, the life of HENRY VI., a captive in the Tower, became the only stake on which further insurrections of the Lancastrians could be ventured. EDWARD was not a man to hesitate in such a case, and on the evening of the day on which EDWARD made his entry into London, HENRY was declared to have died in the Tower. Grief and vexation were the causes publicly assigned for his decease; but the common rumor of the day was that he had been stabbed by the Duke of Gloucester, whose after-deeds as RICHARD III. seemed to authorize the belief of his taking part in any act of blood and cruelty. The funeral was conducted with little reverence or respect, the body being first taken by torch-light to St. Paul's, and after to Chertsey, where it was buried in the abbey, "unreverently, without priest or clerke, torch or taper, singing or saying." Shortly after the accession of GLOUCESTER as RICHARD III., some stories got abroad of miracles wrought at the tomb of the murdered monarch, and the usurper, in order to prevent any impression being made by these tales upon the public mind, caused the coffin to be disinterred and removed to the royal sepulchre at Windsor.

The "Bloody Tower" contains a small chamber which is traditionally pointed out as the spot where the nephews of RICHARD III. were murdered by their uncle's orders. Tradition also asserts that the "priest of the Tower" buried the bodies of the murdered princes in some concealed place. In the time of CHARLES II. the bones of two children were discovered by some workmen in a sequestered nook at the foot of a staircase, about seventy yards distant from the Bloody Tower.
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[...] the escort. As he passes the sentries, on his way back to the Main Guard, each of them challenges, and in reply to "Who goes there?" is answered, "The keys." The sentry rejoins, "What keys?" to which the reply is given, "The Queen's keys," and the escort passes on till it arrives at the Main Guard, which now turns out, and after the same questions and answers as to the "keys" and what keys they are, the officer opens the ranks, and presents arms to "the Queen's keys," which are then carried by the Yeoman Porter to the Governor's house, and placed in his office. All this ceremony and precaution may seem superfluous, but it is a remarkable fact, and not less so from the late Duke of Wellington having caused much inquiry to be made on the subject, at the Home Office and elsewhere, that there has never been any riot or serious disturbance in London without some plan being laid by the ringleaders for the attack and seizure of the Tower.

In Lord George Gordon's riots, in 1780, a scheme of this kind was in contemplation by the mob. Lord George himself solemnly declared it was without his connivance, and very possibly that may have been true; but this is the common apology of those who place themselves at the head of riots, and it ought never to be received as any extenuation of their guilt and responsibility. The seizure of the Tower was also a chief feature in the wild and desperate conspiracy for which Colonel Despard and several of his followers were hanged in 1803. He had seduced from their allegiance by plausible falsehoods and delusions some unfortunate soldiers of the Foot Guards, who, having been in garrison at the Tower, were well acquainted with its localities, of which knowledge he proposed to take advantage for more readily surprising the gates. Despard's object was not only to seize the large stores of arms and ammunition usually kept in the Tower, but he held out to his followers the chance of obtaining the valuable plunder of the crown-jewels, and other precious deposits within the Tower walls. On the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett's riots, in 1816–17, plans were proposed for exciting and organizing the mob to make an attack on the Tower by some of his followers, though Sir Francis himself disclaimed, of course, any participation in them, nor was he at all the man to enter into any such absurd and desperate measure.

Discoveries of plans for seizure of the Tower were made on occasion of both Watson's and Thistlewood's conspiracies; also at the riots in 1831, and the more serious demonstrations of the Chartists in 1848. It was from consideration of these facts that the late Duke of Wellington, during the many years he held the office of Constable of the Tower, was extremely particular in maintaining the old rules, and very strict about all the precautions for closing the gates at night, and refusing admission during the day to persons who presented themselves without ostensible business.